

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## YOUNG MUSGRAVE.

### PART VI. CHAPTER XVI.

THE Squire had made use of that discretion which is the better part of valour. When Randolph for the second time insisted upon coming to an understanding on family affairs, which meant deciding what was to be done on the Squire's death, Mr. Musgrave, not knowing how else to foil his son, got up and came away. "You can settle these matters with Mary," he said, quietly enough. It would not have been dignified to treat the suggestion in any other way. But he went out with a slight acceleration of his pulses, caused half by anger and half by the natural human thrill of feeling with which a man has his own death brought home to him. The Squire knew that there was nothing unnatural in this anticipation of his own end. He was aware that it required to be done and the emergency prepared for; but yet it was not agreeable to him. He thought they might have awaited the event, although in another point of view it would have been imprudent to await the event. He felt that there was something undesirable, unlovely in the idea of your children consulting over you for their own comfort afterwards. But then his children were no longer children, whose doings affected his affections much—they were middle-aged people,

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as old as he was—and in fact it *was* important that they should come to an arrangement and settle everything. Only he could not—and this being so, would not—do it; and he said to himself that the cause of his refusal was no reluctance on his own part to consider the inevitable certainty of his own death, but only the intolerableness of the inquiry in other respects. He walked out in a little strain and excitement of feeling, though outwardly his calm was intense. He steadied himself mind and body by an effort, putting a smile upon his lip and walking with a deliberate slow movement. He would have scorned himself had he showed any excitement; he strolled out with a leisurely slow step and a smile. They would talk the matter out, the two whom he had left; even though Mary's heart would be more with him than with her brother, still she would be bound to follow Randolph's lead. They would talk of his health, of how he was looking feeble, his age beginning to tell upon him, and how it would be very expedient to know what the conditions of his will were, and whether he had made any provision for the peculiar circumstances, or arrangement for the holding of the estate. "I ought to be the first person considered," he thought he heard Randolph saying. Randolph had always thought himself the first person to be considered. At

this penetration of his own the Squire smiled again, and walked away very steadily, very slowly, humming a bar of an old-fashioned air.

He went thus into the broken woodland towards the east, and strolled in the chase like a man taking a walk for pleasure. The birds sang overhead, little rabbits popped out from the great tree trunks, and a squirrel ran up one of them and across a long branch, where it sat peering at him. All was familiar, certain, well known; he had seen the same sights and heard the same sounds for the last seventy years; and the sunshine shone with the same calm assurance of shining as at other times, and all this rustling, breathing life went on as it had always gone on. There was scarcely a leaf, scarcely a moss-covered stone that did not hide or shelter something living. The air was full of life; sounds of all kinds, twitter and hum and rustle, his own step among other movements, his own shadow moving across the sunshine. And he felt well enough, not running over with health and vigour as he had sometimes felt long ago, not disposed to vault over walls and gates in that unlicensed exuberance which belongs to youth only, but well enough, quite well in short, steady afoot, his breathing easy, his head clear, everything about him comfortable. Notwithstanding which his children were discussing, as in reference to a quite near and probable event what was to be done when he should die! The Squire smiled at the thought, but it was a smile which got fixed and painful on his lip and was not spontaneous or agreeable. The amusement to be got from such an idea is not of a genial kind. He was over seventy, and he knew, who better? that three-score and ten has been set down as the limit of mortal life. No doubt he must die—every man must die. It was a thing before him not to be eluded; the darkness, indeed, was very near according to all ordinary law; but the Squire did not feel it, was not in his soul convinced of it. He

believed it of course; all other men of his age die, and in their case the precautions of the family were prudent and natural; in his own case it is true he did not feel the necessity; but yet no doubt it must be so. He kept smiling to himself; so living as he was, and everything round, it was an odd sort of discord to think of dying. He felt a kind of blank before him, a sense of being shut in. So one feels when one walks along a bit of road surrounded with walls, a *cul de sac* from which there is no outlet. A sense of imprisonment is in it, of discouragement, too little air to breathe, too little space to move in—certainly a disagreeable, stifling, choking sensation. Involuntarily a sigh came from his breast; and yet he smiled persistently, feeling in himself a kind of defiance to all the world, a determination to be amused at it all, notwithstanding the sentence they were passing against him.

While the Squire continued his walk, amid the twitter of the birds and the warble and the crackle and rustle and hum in the woods, and all the sounds of living, now and then another sound struck in—a sound not necessarily near, for in that still summer air sounds travel easily—an echo of voice, now one soft cry or laugh, now a momentary babble. It struck the old man as if an independent soul had been put into the scene. He knew very well what it meant—very well—no one better. By very dint of his opposition to them he recognised the sound of the children wherever they were. They were there now, the little things whose presence had moved Randolph to this assault upon his father. They were altogether antagonistic to Randolph, or rather he to them; this gave them a curious perverse interest in their grandfather's eyes. They offered him an outlet from his *cul de sac*; the pressure seemed suddenly removed which had bowed him down; in a moment he felt relieved, delivered from that sense of confinement. A new idea was like the opening of a door to the old man; he was no longer

compelled to contemplate the certainty before him, but was let softly down into the pleasant region of uncertainty—the world of happy chances. The very character of the smile upon his face changed. It became more natural, more easy, although he did not know the children nor had any intention of noticing them. But they were there, and Randolph might scheme as he liked; here was one who must bring his schemes to confusion. A vague lightening came into the Squire's thoughts. He was reprieved, if not from the inevitable conclusion at least from the necessity of contemplating it; and he continued his walk with a lighter heart. By and by, after a somewhat long round, and making sundry observations to himself about the state of the timber, which would bear cutting, and about the birds which, without any keeper to care for them, were multiplying at their own will and might give some sport in September, Mr. Musgrave found himself by the lake again with that fascination towards the water which is so universal. The lake gleamed through the branches, prolonging the blue of the sky, and calling him with soft plashing upon the beach, the oldest of his friends, accompaniment of so many thoughts, and of all the vicissitudes of his life. He went towards it now in the commotion of feeling which was subsiding into calm, a calm which had something of fatigue in it; for reluctant as he was to enter into the question of age and the nearly approaching conclusion, the fact of age made him easily tired with everything, and with nothing more than excitement. He was fatigued with the strain he had been put to, and had fallen into a languid state which was not unpleasant; the condition in which we are specially disposed to be easily amused if any passive amusement comes in our way.

So it happened that as he walked along the margin of the lake, with the water softly foaming over the pebbles at his feet, Mr. Musgrave's ear was caught by a series of sharp little

repetitions of sound, like a succession of small reports, one, two, three. He listened in the mild, easily-roused, and not very active curiosity of such a moment, and recognised with a smile the sound of pebbles skipping across the water, and presently saw the little missiles gleaming along from ripple to ripple, flung by a skilful but not very strong hand. The Squire did not even ask himself who it was, but went on quietly, doubting nothing. Suddenly turning round a corner upon the edge of a small bay, he saw a little figure between him and the shining water, making ducks and drakes with varying success. The Squire's step was inaudible on the turf, and he paused in sympathy with the play. He himself had made ducks and drakes in the Penninghame water as long as he could recollect. He had taught his little boys to do it; he could not tell how it was that this suddenly came to his mind just now—though how it should do so with Randolph, a middle-aged, calculating parson, talking about family arrangements—Pah! but even this recollection did not affect him now as it did before. Never mind Randolph. This little fellow chose the stones with judgment, and really for such a small creature launched them well. The squire felt half disposed to step forward and try his skill too. When one shot failed he was half-sorry, half-inclined to chuckle as over an antagonist; and when there came a great success, a succession of six or seven reports one after another as the flat pebble skimmed over fold after fold of the water, he could not help saying "Bravo!" in generous applause; generous, for somehow or other he felt as if he were playing on the other side. This sensation aroused him; he had not been so self-forgetting for many a day. "Bravo!" he cried with something like glee in his voice.

The little boy turned round hastily. What a strange meeting! Oddly enough it had never occurred to the Squire to think who it was. Strangers were rife enough in these regions, and

people would now and then come to Penninghame with their families—who would stray into the chase, taking it for public property. But for the ducks and drakes which interested him, he would probably have collared this little fellow and demanded to know what right he had to be here. He was therefore quite unprepared for the encounter, and looked with the strangest emotions of wonder and half-terror into the face which was so familiar to him, but so strange, the face of his grandson and heir. When once he had seen the child no further doubt was possible. He stared at him as if he had been a little ghost. He had not presence of mind to turn on his heel and go away at once, which would have been the only way of keeping up his former tactics; he was speechless and overpowered; and there was nobody by to spy upon him, no grown-up spectators—not even the other child to observe what he did, or listen to what he said. In this case the Squire did not feel the need to be vigilant, which in other circumstances would have given him self-command. Thus the shock and surprise, and the perfect freedom of his position unwatched and unseen, alike broke down all his defences. After the first start he stood still and gazed at the child, as the little boy, more frankly and with much less emotion, gazed at him.

"Who are you, sir?" the grandfather said with a tone that was meant to be very peremptory. The jar in it was incomprehensible to Nello: but yet it gave him greater courage.

"I am Ne—that is to say," the little fellow answered with a sudden flush and change of countenance, "my name, it is John."

"John what? Speak up, sir. Do you know you are a little trespasser, and have no business to be here?"

"Oh yes, I have a business to be here," said Nello. "I don't know what it is to be a trespasser. I live at the Castle, me. I can come when I please, and nobody has any business to send me away."

"Do you know who I am?" asked the Squire, bending his brows. Nello looked at him curiously, half amused, though he was half frightened. He had never been so near, or looked his grandfather in the face before.

"I know, but I may not tell," said Nello. He shook his head, and though he was not very quick-witted, some latent sense of fun brought a mischievous look to his face. "We know very well, but we are never to tell," he added, shaking his head once more, looking up with watchful eyes as children have a way of doing to take his cue from the expression of the elder face, and there was something very strange in that gleam of fun in Nello's eyes. "We know, but we are never, never to tell."

"Who told you so?"

"It was Martuccia," said the boy, with precocious discretion. His look grew more and more inquisitive and investigating. Now that he had the opportunity, he determined to examine the old man well, and to make out the kind of person he was.

Mr. Musgrave did not answer. He on his side was investigating too, with less keenness and more feeling than the child showed. He would have been unmoved by the beauty of Lilius, though it was much greater than that of Nello. The little girl would have irritated him; but with the boy he felt himself safe, he could not tell how; he was more a child, less a stranger. Mr. Musgrave himself could not have explained it, but so it was. A desire to get nearer to his descendant came into the old man's mind; old recollections crept upon him, and stole away all his strength. "You know who I am; do you know who you are, little fellow?" he asked, with a strange break in his voice.

"I told you; you are—the old gentleman—at home," said Nello. "I know all about it. And me? I am John. There is no wonder about that. It is just—me. We were not always here. We are two children who have come a long way. But now I



know English quite well, and I have lessons every day."

"Who gives you lessons, my little boy?" The Squire drew a step nearer. He had himself had a little brother sixty years ago, who was like Nello. So it seemed to him now. He would not think he had likewise had a son thirty years ago, whom Nello was like. He crept a little nearer the child, shuffling his foot along the turf, concealing the approach from himself. Had he been asked why he changed his position, he would have said it was a little damp, boggy, not quite sure footing, just there.

"Mr. Pen gives us lessons," said Nello. "I have a book all to myself. It is Latin, it is more easy than English. But it takes a great deal of time; it does not leave so much for play."

"How long have you been at your lessons, my little man?"

The Squire's eyes began to soften, a smile came into them. His heart was melting. He gave a furtive glance round, and there was nobody near to make him afraid, not even the little girl.

"Oh, a long, long time," said Nello. "One whole hour, it was as much as that, or perhaps six hours. I did not think anything could be so long."

"One whole hour!" the Squire said in a voice of awe; and his eyes melted altogether into smiling, and his voice into a mellow softness which it had not known for years. Ah! this was the kind of son for an old man to have, not such as Randolph. Randolph was a hard, disagreeable equal, superior in so much as he had, or thought he had, so many more years before him; but this child was delightful. He did the Squire good. "Or perhaps six hours! And when did this long spell of study happen? Is it long ago?"

"There was no spell," said Nello. "And it was to-day. I read in my book, and so did Lily; but as she is a girl it was different from mine. Girls are not clever, Martuccia

says. She can't make the stones skim. That was a good one when you said 'Bravo!' Where did you find out to say bravo? They don't talk like that here."

"It was a very good one," said the Squire; "suppose we were to try again."

"Oh! can you do it?" said Nello, with round eyes of wonder. "Can you do it as well as me?"

"When I was a child," said the Squire, quite overcome, "I had a little brother just like you. We used to come out here, to this very place, and play ducks and drakes. He would make them go half across the water. You should have seen them skimming. As far out as that boat. Do you see that boat—"

"When he was no bigger than me? And what did you do? were you little too? did you play against him? did he beat you? I wish I had a brother," said Nello. "But you can't have quite forgotten, though you are an old gentleman. Try now! There are capital stones here. I wish I could send one out as far as that boat. Come, come! won't you come and try?"

The Squire gave another searching look round. He had a sort of shame-faced smile on his face. He was a little shy of himself in this new development. But there was no one near, not so much as a squirrel or a rabbit, which could watch and tell. The birds were singing high up in the tree-tops, quite absorbed in their own business: nothing was taking any notice. And the child had come close to him, quite confiding and fearless, with eager little eyes, waiting for his decision. He was the very image of that little brother so long lost. The Squire seemed to lose himself for a moment in a vague haze of personal uncertainty whether all this harsh, hard life had not been a delusion, and himself still a child.

"Come and try," cried Nello, more and more emboldened, and catching at his coat. When the old man felt the touch, it was all he could do to suppress a cry. It was strange to

him beyond measure, a touch not like any other—his own flesh and blood.

"You must begin then," he said in a strange falter, half-laughing, half-crying. That is one sign of age that it is so much nearer to the springs of emotion than anything else, except youth. Indeed are not these two the fitting partners, not that middle state, that insolent strength which stands between? The Squire permitted himself to be dragged to the margin of his own water, which lay all smiling in soft ripples before him as it had done when he was a child. Nello was as grave as a judge in the importance of the occasion, breathless with excitement and interest. He sought out his little store of stones with all the solemnity of a connoisseur, his little brows puckered, his red lips drawn in; but the Squire was shy and tremulous, half-laughing, half-crying, ashamed of his own weakness, and more near being what you might call happy (a word so long out of use for him!) than he had been, he could not remember when.

Nello was vexed with his first throw. "When one wants to do very good, one never can," he said discomfited as his shot failed. "Now you try, now you try; it is your turn." How the Squire laughed, tremulous, the broken red in his old cheeks flushing with pleasure and shame! He failed too, which encouraged Nello, who for his part made a splendid shot the second time. "Two, three, four, *five*, SIX, SEVEN!" cried the child in delight. "Don't be afraid, you will do better next time. Me too, I could not make a shot at all at first. Now come, now come, it is your turn again."

What a thing it is to have a real long summer afternoon! It was afternoon when the Squire's calm was broken by his son Randolph; and it was afternoon still, dropping into evening, but with a sun still bright and not yet low in the sky when Mr. Musgrave warmed to his work, and encouraged by Nello, made such

ducks and drakes as astonished himself. He got quite excited as they skimmed and danced across the water. "Two, three, four, five, *six*, seven, EIGHT!" Nello cried, with a shriek of delight. How clever the old gentleman was—how much nicer than *girls*. He had not enjoyed his play so much for—never before Nello thought. "Come back to-morrow—will you come back to-morrow?" he said at every interval. He had got a playmate now after his own heart—better than Mr. Pen's Johnnie, who was small and timid—better than any one he had ever seen here.

The two players did not in the growing excitement of their game think any more of the chance of spectators; and did not see a second little figure which came running across the grass through the maze of the trees, and stopped wondering in the middle of the brushwood, holding back the branches with her hands to gaze at the strange scene. Liliass was never quite clear of the idea that this wood was fairy-land: so she was not surprised at anything she saw. Yet at this, for the first moment, she was tempted to be surprised. The old gentleman! playing at ducks and drakes with Nello! He who pretended never to see them, who looked over their heads whenever they appeared, for whom they always had to run out of the way, who never took any notice! Liliass stood for two or three whole minutes, holding the branches open, peeping through with a rapt gaze of wonder; yet not surprised. She applied her little faculties at once, on the instant, to solve the mystery; and what so natural as that the old gentleman had been "only pretending" all the time? Half the pleasure which Liliass herself had in her life came from "pretending." Pretending to be Queen Elizabeth, pretending to be a fairy and change Nello into a lion or a mouse, both of which things Nello "pretended" to be with equal success; pretending to be Mr. Pen preaching a sermon, pretending to be Mary,

pretending even now and then to be "the old gentleman" himself sitting up in a chair with a big book, just like him. She stood and peeped through the branches, and made up her mind to this in a way that took away all her surprise. No doubt he was "only pretending" when he would not let it be seen that he saw them. Motives are not necessary to investigators of twelve; there was nothing strange in it; for was not pretending the chief occupation, the chief recreation of life? She stood and made this out to her own satisfaction, and then with self-denial and with a sigh went back to Martuccia. It was very tempting to see the pebbles skimming across the water, and so easy it seemed! "Me too, me too," Lilius could scarcely help calling out. But then it came into her head that perhaps it was herself whom the old gentleman disliked. Perhaps he would not go on playing if she claimed a share, perhaps he would begin "pretending" not to see her. So Lilius sighed, and with self-denial gave up this new pleasure. It was very nice for Nello to have some one to play with—some one *new*. He was always the lucky one; but then he was the youngest, such a little fellow. She went back and told Martuccia he was playing, he was coming soon, he was not in any mischief—which was what the careful elder sister and mild, indulgent nurse most feared.

When Lilius let the branches go, however, with self-denial which was impulsive though so true, the sweep with which they came together again made more sound than could have been made by rabbit or squirrel, and startled the Squire who was quite hot and excited in his new sport. He came to himself with a start, and with the idea of having been seen, felt a pang of shame and half-anger. He looked round him and could see nobody; but the branches still vibrated as if some one had been there; and his very forehead, weather-beaten as it was, flushed red with the idea of having been seen, perhaps by Randolph him-

self. This gave him a kind of offence and resentment and self-assertion which mended matters. Why should he care for Randolph? What had Randolph to do with it? Was he to put himself under tutelage, and conform to the tastes of a fellow like that, a parson, an interloper? But all the same this possibility stopped the Squire. "There, my little man," he said with some confusion, dropping his stone, "there! I think it is time to stop now——"

"Oh!—was it some one come for you?" said Nello, following the direction of the old gentleman's eyes. "Stay a little longer, just a little longer. Can't you do just what you please—not like me?"——

"Can you not do what you please, my little boy?" The Squire was a little tremulous with the unusual exertion. Perhaps it was time to stop. He stooped down to lave his hand in the water where it came shallow among the rocks, and that act took away his breath still more, and made him glad to pause a moment before he went away.

"It is a shame," said Nello, "there is Lily, and there is Martuccia, and there is Mary,—they think I am too little to take care of myself; but I am not too little—I can do a great many things that they can't do. But come to-morrow, won't you *try* to come to-morrow?" said the child, coming close up to his grandfather and taking hold of the skirt of his coat. "Oh please, please *try* to come! I never have anyone to play with, and it has been such fun. Say you will come! Don't you think you could come if you were to *try*?"

The Squire burst out into a broken laugh. It would have been more easy to cry, but that does not do for a man. He put his soft old tremulous hand upon the boy's head. "Little Johnny," he said, "little Johnny!—that was my little brother's name, long, long ago."

"Did he play with you? I wish I had a little brother. I have nothing but girls," said Nello. "But say you will come to-morrow—do say you will try!"

The Squire gave another look round him. Nobody was there, not a mouse or a bird. He took the child's head between his trembling hands, and stooped down and gave him a hasty kiss upon his soft round forehead—"God bless you, little man!" he said, and then turned round defiant, and faced the world—the world of tremulous branches and fluttering leaves, for there was nothing else to spy upon the involuntary blessing and caress. Then he plunged through the very passage in the brushwood where the branches had shaken so strangely—feeling that if it was Randolph he could defy him. What right had Randolph to control his actions? If he chose to acknowledge this child who belonged to him, who was the image of the little Johnny of sixty years ago, what was that to any one? What had Randolph,—*Randolph*, of all men in the world, to do with it? He would tell him so to his face if he were there.

## CHAPTER XVII.

THE same day on which these incidents occurred the Stanton family were in full conclave at Elfdale. It was the birthday of Laura, and there were various merry makings on hand, an afternoon party, designed to include all her "young friends," besides a more select company in the evening. As Laura was the one whom the family intended to be Lady Stanton, her affairs, with the willing consent, and indeed by the active energy of her sister were generally pushed into the foreground. And Geoff and his mother were the chief of the guests specially invited, the only visitors who were staying in the house.

To say that the family intended Laura to be Lady Stanton is perhaps too wild a statement, though this settlement of conflicting claims had been tacitly decided upon when they were children. It was chiefly Lydia who actively intended it now, moved and backed up by some of the absent brothers, who thought it "hard luck" that the young

unnecessary Geoff should have interfered between their father and the title, and vowed by Jove that the only fit thing to do in the circumstances was to marry him to one of the girls. Lydia, however, was the most active mind in the establishment at Elfdale, and carried things her own way, so that though Sir Henry disliked fuss, and disliked Geoff's mother, who had done him so much wrong, yet there were two different sets of people invited, and Maria, Lady Stanton, was established in the house.

"It can't last long, papa," Lydia said, "but we can't have Geoff without her."

"What do you want with Geoff?" growled Sir Henry.

"Papa! in the first place he is our cousin; and Laura likes him; and you know we girls must marry somebody. You can't get commissions and nominations for us, more's the pity, so we must marry. And Laura may as well have Stanton as any one else, don't you think? and of course in that case she ought to be on good terms with her mother-in-law, and people expect us—"

"Oh, that will do," said Sir Henry, "ask whom you like, only free me from all this clatter. But keep that woman off me with her sanctified airs, confound her," said the baronet. He had forgiven Geoff for being born, but he could not forgive Geoff's mother for bringing him so unnecessarily into the world.

And thus it was that Geoff and his mother were at Elfdale. Maria Lady Stanton was no more disposed to go than Sir Henry was to ask her. How often are visits of this kind paid and received—the inviters unwilling to ask, the invited indisposed to go; and with such cordial results as might be anticipated. "I care for nobody in that house except Cousin Mary," Lady Stanton said, "and even she perhaps—though it is wrong to say so, Geoff, my dear boy, for of course everybody means for the best." With these mutual objections the party had met all the same. The elder Lady Stanton was very mild and very religious. She could not restrain

herself from having an occasional opinion—that is to say, as she explained it herself, for “not caring for” one person more than another, but that was because she had not seen enough of the others perhaps; had not quite understood them. “Yes, Geoff, I do not doubt, my dear, that the girls are very nice. So many things are changed since my time. Manners are different. And we are all such prejudiced, unjust creatures, we constantly take the outside for our standard as if that was everything. There is but One that sees fully, and what a blessing, Geoff, that it is Him whom we have most to deal with!” said his mother. For it was one of her troubles in life that she had uneasy instincts about the people she met with, and likings and dislikings such as she felt—the latter at least—a true Christian ought not to indulge in. There was a constant conflict of duty in her against such rebellious feelings. As for Cousin Mary, Sir Henry Stanton’s wife, she was one of those whom Geoff’s mother had no difficulty in liking, but a cold doubt had been breathed into her mind as to the “influence” which this lady might exercise over her boy. She could not quite get it out of her thoughts. Mary could mean no harm that was certain, but—and then Lady Stanton would upbraid herself for the evil imagination that could thus believe in evil. So that altogether she was not happy to go to Elfdale. When she was there, however, the family paid her a sort of court, though the girls frankly considered her a hypocrite. What did that matter? “All the people one meets with are humbugs more or less,” Lydia said with superior philosophy. Lydia was the one who saw through everybody, and was always unmasking false pretensions. Laura only acquiesced in the discoveries her sister made, and generally followed her in whatever was going on.

The morning of the birthday dawned brightly and promised to be all that could be desired, and the presents were pretty enough to please any

*debutante*. Laura was only eighteen, but so far as the county gaieties went she had been already “out” for nearly a year. Any more splendid introduction into society had been denied to the girls. They had entertained dreams of London, and had practised curtseys for a problematical drawing-room during one whole year, but it had come to nothing, Sir Henry being economical and Lady Stanton shy. It was to their stepmother’s account that Laura and Lydia set down this wrong, feeling convinced that if she had been their *real* mother she would have managed it somehow. “You’ll see she’ll find some way of doing it when these little things grow up,” the elder sisters said to each other, and they bore her a grudge in consequence, and looked at her with glances of reproaches whenever the Court was spoken of, though that she was not their real mother could not be held to be poor Mary’s fault. However, all this was forgotten on the merry morning, when with the delights of the garden party and a dance before them they came to breakfast and found Laura’s place at table blocked up with presents. Many of them it is true were not of very much value, but there was a pretty bracelet from Geoff and a locket from his mother, which amply rewarded the young ladies for their determination to have their cousin and his mother invited. The opening of the presents made a little pleasant commotion. The donors were all moved by an agreeable curiosity to see how their gifts were received, and as Laura was lavish in her expressions of delight and Lydia in generous admiration, and the little girls hovered behind in fluttering awe, curiosity, and excitement, a general air of family concord, sympathy, and happiness was diffused over the scene. There was not very much love perhaps in the ill-compacted household. But Sir Henry could not help sharing the infection of the half-real amiability of the moment, and his wife could not but brighten under under any semblance of kindness. They sat down quite happily to



breakfast and began to chatter about the amusements of the afternoon. Even little Fanny and Annie were allowed to have their say. To them was allotted a share in the croquet, even in the delightful responsibility of arranging the players. 'All the old fogies, the old-fashioned people, the curate and his sister, the doctor and his niece, the humbler neighbours, were reserved for that pastime which is out of fashion—the girls kept the gayer circle, and the more novel amusements for Geoff and their own set. And moved by the general good-nature of the moment Sir Henry made apologies to his guests for the occupations which would occupy his morning. He was an active magistrate, and found in this version of public duty a relief from the idleness of his retired life.

"I have that scamp Bampfylde in hand again," he said; "he is never out of mischief. Have you ever seen that fellow, Geoff? Wild Bampfylde they call him. He was out of the country for a long time and a blessed riddance; but now he's back again. I think the keepers have a sneaking kindness for him. There is no poaching trick he is not up to. I must have had him or his name fifty times before me the little time he has been back."

"What did you say was his name?" said Geoff's mother.

The other Lady Stanton had looked up too with a little start, which attracted Geoff's attention. He stopped short in the middle of an animated discussion on the respective merits of lawn tennis and Badminton to hear what was being said.

"Ah! to be sure—Bampfylde; for the moment I had forgotten," Sir Henry said. "Yes—that family of course, and a handsome fellow; as fine a man as you could see in the north country. Certainly they are a good-looking race."

"I suppose it is gipsy blood," said the elder Lady Stanton, with a sigh. "Poor people! Yes, I say poor people, Sir Henry, for there is no one to care

what evil ways they take. So far out of the way among the hills, no teaching, no clergyman; oh, I make every excuse for them! They will not be judged as we are with our advantages."

"I don't know about our advantages," said Sir Henry, somewhat grimly; "but I sha'n't make excuses for them. A pest to the country; not to speak of the tragedy they were involved in——"

"Oh, don't let us speak of that," said Mary, under her breath.

Sir Henry gave her a look which irritated young Geoff. The young man felt himself his beautiful cousin's champion, and he would have liked to call even her husband to account for such a glance under frowning eyebrows at so gentle a creature. Sir Henry for his part did not like his wife to show any signs of recollecting her own past history. He did not do very much to make her forget it, and was a cold and indifferent husband, but still he was affronted that she should be able to remember that she had not always been his wife.

"I wish it did not hurt you, cousin Mary," said Geoff, interposing, "for I should like to speak of it, to have it all gone into. I am sure there is wrong somewhere. You said yourself about that young Musgrave——"

"Oh hush, hush, Geoff!" she said under her breath.

"He cannot be young now," said the elder lady. "I am very sorry for him too, my dear. It is not given to us to see into men's hearts, but I never believed that John Musgrave——. I beg your pardon, Mary, for naming him before you, of course it must be painful. And to me too. But it is such a long time ago, and I think if it were all to do over again——"

"It would have been done over again and the whole case sifted if John Musgrave had not behaved like a fool, or a guilty man," said Sir Henry. "It is not a pleasant subject for discussion, is it? I was an idiot to bring up the fellow's name. I forgot what good memories you ladies have," he said,

getting up and breaking up the party. And there was still a frown upon his face as he looked at his wife.

"What is the matter with papa?" cried the girls in a breath. "You have been upsetting him. You have worried him somehow!" exclaimed Lydia, turning upon her stepmother. "And everything was going so well, and he was in such a good humour. But it is always the way just when we want a little peace and comfort. I never saw such a house as ours! And he is not very unreasonable, not when you know how to manage him—papa."

As for Mary she broke down and cried, but smiled again trying to keep up appearances. "It is nothing," she said; "your father is not angry. It will all be right in a moment. I suppose I am very silly. Run, little ones, and bring me some eau-de-cologne, quick! You must not think Sir Henry was really annoyed," she said, turning to Lady Stanton. "He is just a little impatient; you know he has all his old Indian ways; and I am so silly."

"I don't think you are silly," said Lady Stanton, who herself was flushed and excited. "It was natural you should be disturbed, and I too. Sir Henry need not have been so impatient; but we don't know his motives," she added hastily with the habitual apology she made for everybody who was or seemed in the wrong.

"Oh, how tiresome it all is," cried Lydia, stamping her foot, "when people will make scenes! Come along, Geoff; come with us and let us see what is to be done. Everything has to be done still. I meant to ask papa to give the orders; but when he is put out, it is all over. Do come; there are the nets to put up, and everything to do. Laura, never mind your tiresome presents. Come along! or the people will be here, and nothing will be done."

"That is how they always go on," said Laura, following her sister with her lap full of her treasures. "Come, Geoff. It is so easy to put papa out;

and when he is put out he is no good for anything. Do come. I do not think this time, Lydia, it was *her* fault."

"Oh, it is always her fault," said the harsher sister; "and sending these two tiresome children for the eau-de-cologne! She always sends them for the eau-de-cologne. As if that could do any good; like putting out a fire with rose-water. There, now, Laura, put your rubbish away, and I will begin settling everything with Geoff."

The young man obeyed the call unwillingly; but he went with his cousins, having no excuse to stay, and did their work obediently, though his mind was full of very different things. He had put aside the Musgrave business since his visit to Penninghame, not knowing how to act, and he had not spoken of it to his mother; but now it returned upon him with greater interest than ever. Bampfylde he knew was the name of the girl whom John Musgrave had married, whom his brother Walter had loved, and whom the quarrel was about, and who with her mother had been accused of helping young Musgrave's escape. All the story seemed to reopen even upon him with the name; and how much more upon those two ladies who were so much more deeply interested. The two girls and their games had but a slight hold of Geoff's mind in comparison with this deeper question. He did what they wanted him, but he was *distract* and preoccupied; and as soon as he was free went anxiously in search of his mother, who, he hoped, would tell him more about it. He knew all about it, but not as people must do who had been involved in the circumstances, and helped to enact that sad drama of real life. He found his mother very thoughtful and preoccupied too, seated alone in a little sitting-room up stairs, which was Lady Stanton's special sanctum. The elder Lady Stanton was very serious. She welcomed her son with a momentary smile and no more. "I have been thinking over that dreadful story," she

said ; " it has all come back upon me, Geoff. Sometimes a name is enough to bring back years of one's life. I was then as Mary is now. No, no, my dear, your good father was very different from Sir Henry ; but a step-mother is often not very happy. It used to be the other way, the story-books say. Oh, Geoff, young people don't mean it, they don't think ; but they can make a poor woman's life very wretched. It has brought everything back to me. That—and the name of this man."

" You have never told me much about it, mother."

" What was the use, my dear ? You were too young to do anything ; and then what was there to do ? Poor Mr. Musgrave fled, you know. Everybody said that was such a pity. It would have been brought in only manslaughter if he had not escaped and gone away."

" Then it was madness and cowardice," said Geoff.

" It was the girl," said his mother. " No, I am not blaming her ; perhaps she knew no better. And his father and all his family were so opposed. Perhaps they thought to fly away out of everybody's reach, the two together, was the best way out of it. When young people are so much attached to each other," said the anxious mother, faltering, half-afraid even to speak of such mysteries to her son, " they are tempted to think that being together is everything. But it is not everything, Geoff. Many others, as well as John Musgrave, have lost themselves for such a delusion as that."

" Is it a delusion ?" Geoff asked, making his mother tremble. Of whom could the boy be thinking ? He was thinking of nobody till it suddenly occurred to him how the eyes of that little girl at Penninghame might look if they were older ; and that most likely it was the same eyes which had made up to John Musgrave for the loss of everything. After all, perhaps this unfortunate one, whom everybody pitied, might have had some compensa-

tion. As he was thinking thus, and his mother was watching him, very anxious to know what he was thinking, Lady Stanton came in suddenly by a private door, which opened from her own room. She had a little additional colour on her cheeks, and was breathless with haste.

" Oh, where is Geoff, I wonder !" she said ; then seeing him ran up to him. " Geoff, there is some one downstairs you will like to see. If you are really so interested in all that sad story—really so anxious to help poor John——"

" Yes, who is it ? tell me who it is and I will go."

" Elizabeth Bampfylde is down stairs," she said, breathless, putting her hand to her heart. " The mother of the man Sir Henry was speaking of—the mother of—the girl. There is no one knows so much as that woman. She is sitting there all alone, and there is nobody in the way."

" Mary !" cried the elder lady, " is it right to plunge my boy into it ? We have suffered enough already. Is it right to make Geoff a victim ? Geoff who knows nothing about it. Oh, my dear, I know you mean it for the best !"

Mary fell back abashed and troubled.

" I did not mean to harm him, Lady Stanton. I did not think it would harm him. Never mind ; never mind, if your mother does not approve. After all, perhaps, she knows no more than we do," she said with an attempt at a smile. " The sight of her made me forget myself."

" Where is she ?" said the young man.

" Ah ! that is just what overcame me," said Mary with a sob, and a strange smile at the irony of fate—" down stairs in my husband's room—I have seen her in the road and in the village—but here, in my house ! Never mind, Geoff ; it was she that helped him to get out of prison. They were bold, they had no fear of anything ; not like us, who are ladies, who cannot stir a step without being watched. Never

mind, never mind! it is not really of any consequence. She is sitting there in— in my husband's room!" Mary said, with a sob and a little hysterical laugh. It was not strange to the others, but simple enough and natural. She alone knew how strange it was. "But stop, stop—oh, don't pay any attention. Don't go now, Geoff!"

"Geoff! my dear, Geoff!" cried his mother running to the door after him, but for once Geoff paid no attention. He hurried down stairs, clearing them four or five steps at a time. The ladies could not have followed him if they would. The door of Sir Henry's business room stood open, and he could see an old woman seated like a statue, in perfect stillness, on a bench against the wall. She wore a large gray cloak with a hood falling back upon her shoulders, and a white cap, and sat with her hands crossed in her lap, waiting. She raised her eyes quickly when he came in with a look of anxiety and expectation, but when she found it was not the person she expected, bowed her fine head resignedly and relapsed into quiet. The delay which is always so irksome did not seem to affect her. There was something in the pose of the figure which showed that to be seated there, quite still and undisturbed, was not disagreeable to her. She was not impatient. She was an old woman and glad to rest; she could wait.

"You are waiting for Sir Henry?" Geoff said, in his eagerness. "Have you seen him? Can I do anything for you?"

"No, sir. I hope you'll forgive me rising. I have walked far and I'm tired. Time is not of so much consequence now as it used to be. I can bide." She gave him a faint smile as she spoke, and looked at him with eyes undimmed, eyes that reminded him of the child at Penninghame. Her voice was fine too, large and melodious, and there was nothing fretful or fidgety about her. Except for one line in her forehead everything about her was calm. She could bide.

And this is a power which gives its

possessor unbounded superiority over the impatient and restless. Geoff was all curiosity, excitement, and eagerness. "I don't think Sir Henry will have any time for you to-day," he said; "tell me what it is. I will do all I can for you. I should like to be of use to you. Sir Henry is going to his luncheon presently. I don't think you will see him to-day."

Just at this moment a servant came in with the same information, but it was given in a somewhat different tone. "Look here, old lady," said the man, "you'll have to clear out of this. There's a party this afternoon, and Sir Henry he hasn't got any time for the likes of you. So march is the word. I beg your lordship ten thousand pardons. I didn't see as your lordship was there."

"You had better learn to be civil to every one," said Geoff, indignantly; "beg her pardon not mine. You are— Mrs. Bampfylde, I think? May I speak to you since Sir Henry cannot see you? I have very urgent business——"

She rose slowly, paying no attention to the man—looking only at Geoff. "And you are my young lord?" she said with an intent look. There was a certain dignity about her movements, though she seemed to set herself in motion with difficulty, stiffly, as if the exertion cost her something. "I've had a long walk," she added, with a faint smile and half apology for the effort, "there's where age tells. And all my trouble for nothing!"

"If I can be of any use to you I will," said Geoff. Then he paused and added, "I want you to do something for me."

"What is this that old 'Lizabeth Bampfylde could do for a fine young gentleman? Your fortune? ay, I'll give you your fortune easy; a kind tongue and a bright eye carries that all over the world. And you look as if you had a kind heart."

"It is not my fortune," he said with an involuntary smile.

"You're no believer in the like of that? May be you have never met

with one that had the power. It runs in families; it runs in the blood. There was one of your house, my young lord, that I could have warned of what was coming. I saw it in his face. And oh, that I had done it! But he would not have been warned. Oh! what that would have saved me and mine, as well as you and yours!"

"You think of my brother then when you see me?" he said, eager at once to follow out this beginning. She looked at him again with a scrutinizing gaze.

"What had I to do with your brother, young gentleman? He never asked me for his fortune any more than you, he did not believe in the likes of me. It is only the silly folk and the simple folk that believe in us. I wish they would be guided by us that are our own flesh and blood—and then they would never get into trouble like my boy."

"What has he done?" asked Geoff, thinking to conciliate. He had followed her out of the house, and was walking by her side through the shrubberies by the back way.

"What has he done? Something, nothing. He's taken a fish in the river, or a wild beast in the snare. They're God's creatures, not yours, or Sir Henry's. But the rich and the great that have every dainty they can set their face to, make it a crime for a poor lad when he does that."

Geoff did not make any answer, for he had a respect for game and would not commit himself; but he said, "I will do anything I can for your son, if you will help me. Yes, you can help me, and I think you know you can, Mrs. Bampfylde."

"I am called 'Lizabeth,'" said the old woman with dignity, as if she had said I am called Princess. Her tone had so much effect upon Geoff that he cried, "I beg your pardon," instinctively, and faltered and coloured as he went on.

"I want to know about what happened when I was a child—about my brother's death—about—the man who

caused it. They tell me you know more than any one else. I am not asking for idle curiosity. You know a great deal, or so I have heard, about John Musgrave."

"Hus—sh!" she cried, "it is not safe to say names—you never know who may hear."

"But all the world may hear," said Geoff. "I am not afraid. I want him to come home. I want him to be cleared. If you know anything that can help him tell me. I will never rest now till I have got that sentence changed and he is cleared."

The old woman looked at him, growing pale, with a sort of alarmed admiration. "You're a bold boy," she said, "very bold! It's because you're so young—how should you know! When a man has enemies we should be careful how we name him. It might bring ill-luck or more harm."

"I don't believe much in ill-luck, and I don't believe in enemies at all," said Geoff, with the confidence of his years.

"Oh!" she cried, with a long moan, wringing her hands. "Oh, God help you, innocent boy!"

"No," Geoff repeated more boldly still, "neither in enemies nor in ill-luck, if the man himself is innocent. But I believe in friends. I am one; and if you are one—if you are his friend, his true friend, why, there is nothing we may not do for him," the young man cried, stopping to secure her attention. She paused too for a moment, gazing at him, with a low cry now and then of wonder and distress; her mind was travelling over regions to which young Geoff had no clue, but his courage and confidence had compelled her attention at least. She listened while he went on repeating his appeal; only to tell him what she knew, what she remembered—to tell him everything. It seemed all so simple to Geoff; he went on with his pleadings, following through the winding walk. It was all he could do to keep up with her large and steady stride as she went on,



quicken her pace. The stiffness had disappeared, and she walked like one accustomed to long tramping over moor and hill.

"My young lord," she exclaimed abruptly, stopping him in the midst of a sentence, "you've talked long enough; I know all you can say now; and here's the bargain I'll make. If my boy gets free, I'll take his advice—and if he consents, and you have a mind to come up to the fells and see me where I bide——"

"Certainly I will come," cried Geoff, feeling a delightful gleam of adventure suddenly light up his more serious purpose. "Certainly I will come; only tell me where I shall find you——"

"You're going too fast, my young gentleman. I said if my boy gets free. Till I have talked to him I'll tell you nothing. And my bit of a place is a lonely place where few folk ever come near."

"I can find it," said Geoff. "I do not mind how lonely it is. I will come—to-morrow, whenever you please."

"Not till my lad comes to fetch you," said Elizabeth, with a gleam of shrewd humour crossing her face for a moment. "I must see my lad first, and hear what he says, and then I'll send him to show you the way."

"It would be better not to make it dependent on that chance," said Geoff, prudently. "He might not care to come; I don't know your son; why should he take so much trouble for me? He may decline to do it, or he may dislike my interference, or——"

"Or he may not get free," said Elizabeth, stopping short, and dismissing her young attendant almost imperiously. "Here you and me part paths, my young lord. It will be soon enough to say more when my lad is free."

Geoff was left standing at the outer gate, startled by the abruptness of his dismissal, but incapable he felt of resisting. He gazed after her as she sped along the road with long swift steps, half-appalled, greatly excited,

and with a touch of amusement too. "I am to cheat justice for her and elude the law," he said to himself as he watched her disappearing along the dusty road.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

THE result of this interview was that Geoff, as was natural, threw himself body and soul into the cause of Wild Bampfylde. When he had once made up his mind to this, a certain comic element in the matter delighted him and gave him double fervour. The idea of defeating justice was delightful to the young man, not much older than a schoolboy. He talked to all the people he met about the case of this wild man of the woods, this innocent savage, to whom all the sylvan sins came by nature; and he engaged the best lawyer who could be had to defend him, and if possible get the wild fellow free. Where was the harm? Wild Bampfylde had never been guilty of violence to any human creature, he ascertained. It was only the creatures of the woods he waged war against, not even the gamekeepers. And when Sir Henry, coming home from Quarter Sessions, informed the party that Wild Bampfylde had managed to get off by some quibble, the magistrates being fairly tired of convicting him, everybody was delighted to hear of the safety of Geoff's *protégé*, except the two elder ladies, who showed no satisfaction. Neither of them were glad, notwithstanding that Geoff was so much interested; Lady Stanton from a vague concern for her son, and Mary because of the prejudice in her which all her gentleness could not eradicate. She looked at Geoff with tears in her eyes. "You will have nothing to do with them," she said; "him nor any of them? Oh, Geoff, promise!" which was inconsistent, as it was she herself who had put the old mother in his way. But Geoff only laughed, and asked what he could have to do with them? and made no promise. This episode had not interfered with the business of life, with the

afternoon party or the dinner, the Badminton or the croquet. All had "gone off" as well as possible. Laura and Lydia had "enjoyed themselves" to their hearts' content. They had been admired and praised and fêted, and every one had said it was a delightful party. What more could any young lady of eighteen desire? Geoff was very good-natured, and did everything that was asked of him. And Laura wore his bracelet, which was much admired by her friends, and gave rise to many pleasant suggestions. "He is just the very person for you," Lydia said reflectively, as she examined it. "Now I should have liked emeralds or diamonds, or grown-up jewels; but the turquoises are the very thing for you. He sees your taste. If he were not Lord Stanton, just for simple suitability you should marry Geoff—he is the very person for you."

"I do not see why I should be made to marry any one for simple suitability, as if I were a baby," was Laura's protestation; but she liked the turquoises, and she did not dislike the hints and smiling gossip. And when young Lord Stanton and his mother went away, the house regretted them from the highest to the lowest. The little girls stood behind backs, crying, when the carriage drove away. "I should like to know what they have to cry about," Lydia said; "what is Geoff to them? It is such nonsense; but they always are encouraged in everything. You two little things stop that, and be off with you. You are always in some one's way."

"He is as much our cousin as yours," said Fanny, who was always known to be saucy; but they skimmed away in a panic when Lydia turned round upon them, not knowing what she might do. "Oh, how nice it would be to have nothing but a mamma!" they said to each other as they alighted in her room, where it was always quiet, and smoothed down their ruffled plumes. Poor little doves! it was not for Geoff alone they were crying, for Geoff's mother had been very good to them.

They had hung about her for hours, and had stories told to them, and the world seemed an empty sort of place when these two visitors went away.

The mother and son drove home to their own house, he a little sorry, she a little glad. It was wrong perhaps to be glad, implying a kind of tacit censure on the people she had left; but there was no harm in being happy to get home. Stanton Hall was not an immemorial place like Penninghame, nor a cosy unpretending country house like Elfdale, but a great mansion intended to be grand and splendid, and overawe the country. The splendour had fallen into a little disuse during Geoff's long minority, but as he had lived chiefly at home with his mother, it had proportionately gained in comfort, and the home aspect which only being lived in can give to a house. They lived chiefly in one wing, leaving the state part of the mansion almost unoccupied. Geoff had not been brought up as most youths of his age are brought up. His mother had been too timorous, both physically and spiritually, to trust her child amid all the appalling dangers and indulgences of a public school. And he had not even, more wonderful still, gone to any university. She was his sole guardian, no one sharing her powers, for it never had been supposed that little Geoff would be anybody in particular, or that it was of the least importance how his mother brought him up. His education had therefore been chiefly conducted at home by a tutor, chosen rather for his goodness than his learning. Did it matter very much? Geoff was not very clever, and it does not require much learning, as Mrs. Hardcastle concluded in the case of her son Tony Lumpkin, to spend fifteen thousand a year. Geoff had learned a great many things which university men do not much meddle with, and he had forgotten as successfully as any university man could do. He had a great deal less Greek, but a good deal more French than most of those heroes; and he was

a good, honest, simple-hearted boy as, Heaven be praised, in spite of their many advantages, a great many of those same university men manage to be. And, in short, he was very much like his contemporaries, though brought up so very differently—a fact which would have wounded his mother's feelings more than anything else you could have said; for if the result is just about the same as it would have been by the other process, what is the good of taking such pains to show a difference? Mr. Tritton, the tutor, had been all alone at Stanton during this visit to Elfdale. He was a very good man. He had been as kind as a father to Geoff from the moment he took charge of him, and had watched over him with unflinching care—indeed he was like a second mother as well—perhaps more like that than the other—very anxious not to “overtire” his pupil, or to put any strain on his faculties. They were the most peaceful household that could be conceived, and Geoff, according to all rule, ought to have grown up a very feminine youth. But by good luck he had not done so. In that demure household he got to be a lively, energetic, out-door sort of person, and loved adventure, and loved life perhaps all the better in consequence of the meek atmosphere of quietness which surrounded him. To tell the truth it was he who, for a long time, had held the helm of the house in his hand, and had everything his own way.

Mr. Tritton was upon the steps to welcome them, and the servants who were glad to see them back after the week of quiet. Who does not know the kind of servants Lady Stanton would have? men and women who had seen the boy grow up, and thought or seemed to think there was nobody in the world like Geoff: a house-keeper to whom her mistress was very obsequious and conciliatory; but whom Geoff treated with a familiarity which sometimes froze the very blood in his mother's veins, who would not for the world have taken such liber-

ties; and a butler, who felt himself an independent country gentleman, and went and came very much at his own pleasure, and governed his inferiors *en bon prince*, but with a lively sense of his own importance. These all received the travellers with cordiality at the door, and brought them tea and were very kind to them. It was quite touching and gratifying to Lady Stanton that they should always be so kind. Harris, the butler, took her little travelling-bag, and carried it into the drawing-room with his own hand; and Mrs. Benson herself came to pour out her cup of tea. “And I hope your ladyship is not too much tired with your long drive,” Mrs. Benson said; and Harris kindly lingered to hear her reply, and to assure her that all had been going on well at Stanton while she was away.

Geoff did not pay so much attention to the kindness of the servants. He went off to the stables to give some orders, leaving Mr. Tritton with his mother. Geoff called his tutor old Tritton as easily as if he had mixed in the world of men at Eton or Oxford, and went off about his own business unconcerned. But when he had turned the corner of the house to the stables Geoff's whistle stopped suddenly. He found a man standing there with his back against the wall, whose appearance startled him. A poacher is a thing that is obnoxious to every country gentleman, however easy his principles may be on the question of game; and a tramp is a thing that nobody with a house worth robbing can away with. The figure that presented itself thus suddenly before Lord Stanton's eyes was the quintessence of both; a tall, loose-limbed man, with strong black locks and an olive skin, in coarse velvet and gaiters, and a coat with multitudinous pockets, with a red handkerchief knotted round his neck, and a soft felt hat crushed into all manner of shapes, and a big stick in his hand. He stood in a careless attitude, at his ease, leaning against the wall. What had such a man to do there?

and yet there he was for a purpose, as any one could see, lying in wait; was it to rob or to kill? Geoff's heart gave a little leap at the sight of the intruder. He had not had much experience of this kind.

"What are you doing here?" he asked sharply, the instincts of property and authority springing up in disapproval and resistance. What had such a fellow to do here?

"I am doing nothing," said the man, not changing his attitude or even taking off his hat or showing the smallest mark of respect. He continued even to lounge against the wall with rude indifference. "I am here on your business, not on mine," he said carelessly.

"On my business! Yes, I know," said Geoff, suddenly bethinking himself; "you're Bampfylde. I am glad you've got off—and you come to me from——"

"Old 'Lizabeth; that is about it. She's a funny woman: whatever silly thing she wants she always gets her way. She wants you now, and I've come to fetch you. I suppose you'll come since she says it. And you'd better make up your mind soon, for it does not suit me to stay here."

"I suppose not," said Geoff, scarcely noticing what he said.

"Why should you suppose not?" said the man, rousing himself with an air of offence. He was taller than Geoff, a lanky but muscular figure. "I have eyes and feelings as well as you. I like a fine place. Why shouldn't I take my pleasure looking at it? You have a deal more and yet you're not content."

"We were not discussing our feelings," said Geoff, half-contemptuous, half-sympathetic. "You have brought me a message perhaps from your mother?"

"I've come from old 'Lizabeth. She says if you like to start to-night along with me we'll talk your business over, and if she can satisfy you she will. Look you here, my young lord, your lordship's a deal of consequence to some, but it's

nothing to her and me. Come, if you like to come; it's your business, not ours. If there's danger it's your own risk, if there's any good it's you that will have it, not us——"

"Danger!" said Geoff; "the danger of a walk up the fells! and good—to me? Yes, you can say it is to me if you like, but you ought to be more interested than I am. However, words don't matter. Yes, let us say the good is mine, and the danger, if any, is mine——"

"Have it your own way," said Bampfylde. "I'll come back again since you've made up your mind, at ten to-night and show you the way."

"But why at night?" said Geoff; "to-morrow would be better. It is not too far to go in a day."

"There's the difference between you and us. Night is our time, you see. It must be by night or not at all. Would you like to walk with me across country, my lord? I don't think you would, nor I wouldn't like. We shouldn't look natural together. But at night all's one. I'll be here at ten; there's a moon, and a two hours' walk, or say three at the most; it's nothing to a young fellow like you."

This was a very startling proposition, and Geoff did not know what to make of it. It grew more and more like a mysterious adventure and pleased him on that side, but he was a modern young man, with a keen perception of absurdity, and everything melodramatic was alarming to him. Why should he walk mysteriously in the middle of the night to a cottage about which there need be no mystery on a perfectly innocent and honest errand? He stared at his strange visitor with a perplexity beyond words.

"What possible object could be gained," he said at last, "by going in the night?"

"Oh, if you're afraid!" said this strange emissary, "don't go—that's all about it: neither me nor her are forcing you to hear what we may happen to know."

"I am not afraid," said Geoff,

colouring. It was an accusation which was very hard to bear. "But there is reason in all things. I don't want to be ridiculous—" The man shrugged his shoulders—he laughed—nothing could have been more galling. Geoff standing, looking at him, felt the blood boiling in his veins.

"Quite right too," said Bampfylde. "What can we know that's worth the trouble? You'll take a drive up some day in your coach and four, and oblige us. That is just what I would do myself."

"In Heaven's name, what am I expected to do?" cried Geoff; "make a melodramatic ass of myself, and go in the middle of the night?"

"I'm no scholar: long words are not my sort. Do or don't, that's the thing. I understand; and it is easy to settle. If you're not coming, say No, and I'll go. If you are coming, let me know, and I'll be here. There's nothing to make such a wonder about."

Geoff was in great doubt what was best to do. The adventure pleased him; but the idea of ridicule held him back. "It is not pleasant to be thought a fool," he said. Then, nettled by the jeer in the face of this strange fellow who kept his eyes—great, dark, and brilliant as they were—fixed upon him, the young man cut the knot, hurriedly. "Never mind the absurdity; be here at ten, as you say, and wait if I am not ready. I don't want everybody to know what a fool I am," he said.

"You are coming then," said the man, with a laugh. "That's plucky, whatever happens. You're not afraid?"

"Pooh!" cried Geoff, turning away. He was too indignant and annoyed to speak. He went on impatiently to the stables, leaving the stranger where he stood. He was not afraid; but his young frame thrilled in every fibre with excitement. Had not adventures of this kind sounded somewhat ridiculous to the ideas of to-day, the mysterious expedition would have been delightful to him. But that uneasy sense of the ridiculous

kept down his anticipations. What could old 'Lizabeth have to tell that could justify such precautions? But if she chose to be fantastic about her secret, whatever it was, he must humour her. When he went in again, there was no sign of his visitor, except the half-effaced mark of a footstep on the soft gravel. The man had ground the heel of his boot into it while he stood talking, and there it was, his mark to show the place where he had been.

The evening passed very strangely to young Lord Stanton. He heard his mother and Mr. Tritton talking calmly of to-morrow. To-morrow the old family lawyer was expected, and some of the arrangements attendant on his coming of age, which was approaching, were to be discussed; and he was asked, What he would like?—in one or two respects. Should this be done, or that, when his birthday came? Geoff could not tell what curious trick of imagination affected him. He caught himself asking, Would he ever come of age? Would to-morrow be just as the other days, no more and no less? How absurd the question was! What could possibly happen to him in a long mountain walk, even though it might be through the darkness? There is nothing in that homely innocent country to make midnight dangerous. Wild Bampfylde might be an exciting sort of companion; but what more? As for enemies Geoff remembered what he had said so short a time before. He did not believe in them; why should he? he himself, he felt convinced, possessed no such thing in all the world.

But it was astonishing how difficult it was that evening to get free. Lady Stanton, who generally was fatigued with the shortest journey, was cheerful and talkative to-night, and overflowing with plans; and even Mr. Tritton was entertaining. It was only by saying that he had letters to write that Geoff at last managed to get away. He disliked writing letters so much that the plea was admitted with smiles.



"We must not balk such a virtuous intention," the tutor said. He went into the library with a beating heart. This room had a large window which opened upon the old-fashioned bowling green. Geoff changed his dress with great speed and quiet, putting on a rough shooting suit. The night was dark, but soft, with stars faintly lighting up a hazy sky. He stepped out from the big window and closed it after him. The air was very fresh, a little chilly, as even a midsummer night generally is in the North Country. He gave a little nervous shiver as he came out into the darkness and chillness. "There's some one walking over your grave," said a voice at his elbow. Geoff started, to his own intense shame and annoyance, as if he had received a shot. "Very likely," he said, commanding himself; "over all our graves perhaps. That harms nobody. You are

there, Bampfylde? That's well; don't talk, but go on."

"You're a good bold one after all," said the voice by his side. Geoff's heart beat uneasily at the sound, and yet the commendation gave him a certain pleasure. He was more at his ease when they emerged from the shadow of the house, and he could see the outline of his companion's figure, and realise him as something more than a voice. He gave a somewhat longing look back at the scattered lights in the windows as he set out thus through the silence and darkness. Would any one find out that he was gone? But his spirit rose as they went on, at a steady pace, swinging along under the deep hedgerows, and across the frequent bridges where so many streamlets kept crossing the road, adding an unseen tinkle to the sounds of the summer night.

*To be continued.*

## MORDECAI: A PROTEST AGAINST THE CRITICS.

BY A JEW.

*Sephardo.*

"Wise books

For half the truths they hold are honoured tombs."

*Spanish Gypsy, p. 205.*

THE critics have had their say: the recording angels of literature, more sorrowful than angry, have written down *Daniel Deronda* a failure. And there seems to be at least this much of truth in their judgment that one of the parts of which the book is composed has failed to interest or even to reach its audience. For the least observant reader must have noticed that *Daniel Deronda* is made up of two almost unconnected parts, either of which can be read without the other. Every "book" after the first is divided into two parts, whose only claim to be included under the same covers is the common action or inaction of the eponymous hero. One set of characters and interests centres round the fate and fortunes of Gwendolen Harleth, and of this part of the book we can surely say that it has excited as much interest and bitten as deeply into men's minds as any of the author's previous studies of female character. Indeed, we would submit that George Eliot's last portrait of female egoism is in many ways her best: her hand has become more tender, and, because more tender, more true than when she drew such narrow types as Hetty Sorrel and Rosamond Vincy, so unnaturally consistent in their selfishness. The story of Gwendolen Harleth's purification from egoism is, then, one might say, even a greater success than the former pictures of girlish struggles, and displays the author's distinguishing excellences in undiminished brilliancy. But there is another part of the book with which the English-speaking public and its literary "tasters" have failed to

sympathise, and which they have mostly been tempted to omit on reperusal. The tragedy of Mordecai Cohen's missionary labours, on which the author has spent immense labour of invention and research, must be pronounced to have completely failed in reaching and exciting the interest and sympathy of the ordinary reader. Mr. Bagehot has told us that the greatest pain man can feel is the pain of a new idea, and the readers of *Daniel Deronda* have refused painfully to assimilate the new idea of the Mordecai part of the book. This idea we take to be that Judaism stands on the same level as Christianity, perhaps even on a higher level, in point of rationality and capacity to satisfy the wants of the religious consciousness, "the hitherto neglected reality," to use the author's own words (ii. 292), "that Judaism is something still throbbing in human lives, still making for them the only conceivable vesture of the world." The difficulty of accepting this new idea comes out most prominently in the jar most readers must have felt in the omission of any explanation of the easy transition of Deronda from the Christianity in which he was bred to the Judaism in which he had been born.

The present notice proposes to discuss the failure of this unsuccessful part, from the standpoint of one for whom this initial difficulty does not exist, and who has from his childhood seen the world habited in those Hebrew Old Clothes of which Mr. Carlyle and others have spoken so slightly. And the first thing that it is natural

for a Jew to say about *Daniel Deronda* is some expression of gratitude for the wonderful completeness and accuracy with which George Eliot has portrayed the Jewish nature. Hitherto the Jew in English fiction has fared unhappily: being always represented as a monstrosity, most frequently on the side of malevolence and greed, as in Marlowe's Barabbas and Dickens's Fagin, or sometimes, as in Dickens's Riah, still more exasperatingly on the side of impossible benevolence. What we want is truth, not exaggeration, and truth George Eliot has given us with the large justice of the great artist. The gallery of Jewish portraits contained in *Daniel Deronda* gives in a marvellously full and accurate way all the many sides of our complex national character. The artistic element, with the proper omission of painting and sculpture, in which Jews, though eminent, have not been pre-eminent, is well represented by Klesmer, Mirah and the Alcharisi. Ezra Cohen is a type of the commonplace Jew, the familiar figure of prosperous mercantile dealing, the best known trait of Jews to Englishmen; while little Jacob exhibits in a very humorous form the well-known precocity of Jewish children. The affectionate relations of Ezra Cohen and his mother and the tender respect of Mordecai and Mirah for the memory of theirs, point to the exceptional influence of the Mother and the Home in the inner life of Jews. Then in Kalonyne, whom we feel tempted to call the Wandering Jew, we get the nomadic spirit which has worked in Israel from times long previous to the Dispersion, while all must join in the scorn the author evidently feels for Pash, the Jew who is no Jew. Yet he is the representative of what might be called the Heine side of Jewry—the wit and cynicism that reached their greatest intensity in the poet of Young Germany. The more temperate Gideon represents, it is to be feared, a large proportion of English Jews, one not ashamed of his race, yet

not proud of it, and willing to see the racial and religious distinctions we have fought for so valiantly die out and perish utterly among men. Perhaps the most successful of the minor portraits is that of the black sheep Lapidoth, the Jew with no redeeming love for, family, race, or country to preserve him from that sordid egoism (the new name for wickedness) into which he has sunk. His utter unconsciousness of good and evil is powerfully depicted in the masterly analysis of his state of mind before purloining Deronda's ring. To some extent the weird figure of the Alcharisi serves as a sort of companion-picture of female renunciation of racial claims, but the struggle between her rebellious will and what old-fashioned folk call the Will of God (Professor Clifford would perhaps name it the Tribal Will) raises her to a tragic height which makes Deronda's mother perhaps the most imposing figure in the book. Deronda himself, by the circumstance of his education, is prevented from typifying any of the social distinctions of a Jew, yet it is not unlikely that his gravity of manner and many-sided sympathy were meant by the author to be taken as hereditary traits.

These, with Ram the bookseller, the English Jew of the pre-emancipation era, and some minor characters, give to the reader a most complete picture of Jews and Jewesses in their habits as they live, of Jews and Jewesses as members of a peculiar people in relation to the Gentile world. To point the moral of human fallibility, besides some minor slips in ceremonial details on which it were ungrateful to dwell,<sup>1</sup> we cannot but think (a critic is

<sup>1</sup> e.g. Taliths or fringed mantles are not worn on Friday nights (ii. 292—300), the Kaddish, or prayer in honour of the dead, is only said for eleven months, not eleven years (iv. 92), and then only by a son. Mirah seems to be under the same delusion (ii. 306). Before breaking the bread (ii. 356), Cohen should have "made Kiddush," i.e. pronounced a blessing over some sacramental wine. It is doubtful whether Cohen would have paid money and written a pawn-ticket on Sabbath eve, but this may be intentional.

nothing if not critical) that the author has failed to give in Mirah an adequate type of Jewish girlhood. Mirah is undoubtedly tame; and tameness, for those who know them, is the last infirmity of Jewish girls. Still even here the sad experience of Mirah's youth may be held to have somewhat palliated any want of brightness, and the extra vivacity of Mrs. Cohen junior perhaps supplies the deficiency.

So much for the outer life of Judaism. The English reader will find here no idea so startlingly novel as to raise opposition to its admission, or to disturb his complacent feeling of superiority over Jews in all but a certain practical sagacity (he calls it sharpness or cunning), which must be postulated to explain the "differentia of success" characterising the Jewish species of commercial dealings. One new fact he may indeed profitably learn: from the large group of Jewish characters in *Daniel Deronda* he may perhaps gather that there are Jews and Jews, that they are not all Lapidot's, nor even all Ezra Cohens, as he has been accustomed to think.

But the new idea of which we have spoken is embodied in the person of Mordecai Cohen, the Jew *par excellence* of the book, the embodiment of the inner life of Judaism. The very fact of this recognition of an inner life, not to speak of the grand personality in which she has typified it, entitles George Eliot to the heart-deep gratitude of all Jews; the more so inasmuch as she has hazarded and at least temporarily lost success for her most elaborated production by endeavouring to battle with the commonplace and conventional ideas about Judaism. The present article aims at striking another blow to convince the English world of the existence in the present day and for all past time of a spiritual life in Judaism. And we can conceive of no better point of defence for the position than the historic probability of the character of Mordecai, which critics have found so mystic, vague, and impossible.

Those who know anything of the great leaders of spiritual Judaism will recognise in Mordecai all the traits that have characterised them. Saul of Tarsus, Ibn Gebirol (Avicebron), Jehuda Halevi, Ibn Ezra, Maimonides Spinoza, Mendelssohn, not to mention other still more unfamiliar names, were all men like Mordecai: rich in inward wealth, yet content to earn a scanty livelihood by some handicraft; ardently spiritual, yet keenly alive to the claims of home affection; widely erudite, yet profoundly acquainted with human nature; mystics, yet with much method in their mysticism. The author seems even to have a bolder application of the historic continuity of the Hebraic spirit in view: she evidently wishes Mordecai to be regarded as a "survival" of the prophetic spirit, a kind of Isaiah redivivus. Hence a somewhat unreal effect is produced by his use of a diction similar to what might be expected from a "greater prophet" stepping out of the pages of the Authorised Version. Still it is to be remembered that we almost always see Mordecai in states of intense excitement, when his thought would naturally clothe itself in the forms in which all his literary efforts had been written. He speaks in a sufficiently prosaic and unbiblical style when the subject is prosaic, as to Daniel Deronda at their first meeting (ii. 336): "What are you disposed to give for it?" "I believe Mr. Ram will be satisfied with half-a-crown, sir," remarks sufficiently on the level of nineteenth century conversation to give Mordecai some community with ordinary folk.

There is yet another quality which Mordecai shares with the sages and prophets of the past: he is a layman. The natural thing for a writer describing "a spiritual destiny embraced eagerly in youth," a representative of the religious life of a nation, would be to describe some young priest ardently striving for the spiritual enlightenment of his flock, some Mr. Tryan, some Savonarola; and it would have

been right for all other religions. But in Judaism the inner development of the Spirit has been carried on entirely by laymen: the Jewish *Summa Theologiae*, the *Guide to the Perplexed* (Moré Nebouchim) of Maimonides, was written by a physician. We shall be using more familiar illustrations when we remind the reader that Moses and Ezra, and, above all, the prophets were men from the lay community, not members of an organised priesthood. This may account for that spirit of Compromise (writers of the New English call it "adaptation to environment") which is as marked a characteristic of the religious history of Jews as of the political history of Englishmen. Other religions have had churches, bureaucracies: Judaism has had a synagogue, a representative assembly.

Mordecai shares yet another gift of his predecessors: he is a poet. The fragment in chapter xxxviii, commencing—

"Away from me the garment of forgetfulness,  
Withering the heart,"

might well be a translation from a Piut of Ibn Gebirol or a Selicha of Jehuda Halevi, and makes him a fit *dramatis persona* of that "national tragedy in which the actors have been also the heroes and the poets."

We do not then speak without knowledge of the history of Jews, post-biblical as well as biblical, when we say that Mordecai Cohen is a lineal successor of those great leaders of spiritual Judaism who have fought in the van in that moral warfare which Judaism has waged and won against the whole world; a fitting companion of that valiant band which has guarded through the ages the ark of the Lord intrusted to Israel's keeping four thousand years ago; a noble representative of that spirit of resistance that has repulsed the most powerful disintegrating forces ever brought against a nation or a creed. A "nation of shopkeepers" has produced a Milton, a Shelley, a Newman; a "nation of pawnbrokers,"

if you will, has given birth to a Jehuda Halevi, a Spinoza, a Mordecai.

To believers in the principle of Heredity this would be enough to give to Mordecai that possibility which is sufficient for artistic existence. English critics, however, seem not to believe in hereditary influences: they have unanimously pronounced him an impossibility. They require, it would appear, some more tangible proof of the existence among modern Jews of a character like Mordecai's than the *à priori* probability afforded by the consideration of the historic continuity of national character. Even this want could be supplied. The present writer was fortunate enough to discover<sup>1</sup> traces of a Jew who, allowing for the idealisation which is the privilege of the artist, might well stand for the prototype of Mordecai. In the *Fortnightly Review* for April 1, 1866, Mr. George Henry Lewes prefaces an article on Spinoza with an account of a philosopher's club where he first made acquaintance with the doctrines of the Hebrew thinker, and which resembles in every particular the club at the "Hand and Banner" in the sixth book of *Daniel Deronda*. The locality, Red Lion Square, near Holborn, is the same; the free and easy method of discussion is the same; the vocations of the frequenters are the same,—a freethinking second hand bookseller (Miller), a journeyman watchmaker (Pash), a bootmaker (Croop), one who "penned a stanza when he should engross" (Lilly), and so on. But above all, the leading spirit of Mr. Lewes' club was a German Jew named Cohn or Kohn, whom he describes in words which might be applied almost without alteration to Mordecai. Mr. Lewes says of Cohn:—

"We all admired him as a man of astonishing subtlety and logical force, no less than of sweet personal worth. He remains in my memory as a type of philosophic dignity. A calm, medita-

<sup>1</sup> The discovery was communicated to the Academy of July 29, 1876, by my friend, Mr. McAlister, to whom I had shown it.



tive, amiable man, by trade a journeyman watchmaker, very poor, with weak eyes and chest, grave and gentle in demeanour, incorruptible even by the seductions of vanity; I habitually think of him in connection with Spinoza almost as much on account of his personal worth as because to him I owe my first acquaintance with the Hebrew thinker. My admiration of him was of that enthusiastic temper which in youth we feel for our intellectual leaders. I loved his weak eyes and low voice; I venerated his intellect. He was the only man I did not contradict in the impatience of argument. An immense pity and a fervid indignation filled me as I came away from his attics in one of the Holborn courts, where I had seen him in the pinching poverty of his home, with his German wife and two little black-eyed children; indignantly I railed against society which could allow so great an intellect to withdraw itself from nobler work and waste the precious hours in mending watches. But he was wise in his resignation, thought I in my young indignation. Life was hard to him, as to all of us; but he was content to earn a miserable pittance by handicraft, and kept his soul serene. I learnt to understand him better when I learnt the story of Spinoza's life.

"Cohn, as may be supposed, early established his supremacy in our club. A magisterial intellect always makes itself felt. Even those who differed from him most widely paid voluntary homage to his power."

*Aut Mordecai aut diabolus.* Just as Walter Scott merely idealised Rebecca Gratz, the beloved of Washington Irving, into his Rebecca of York, so George Eliot, by the force of her genius, has transformed Kohn into a prophet of the New Exile. Even the omission of the wife and two children (in whose stead we get Mrs. Cohen junior, with Jacob and Adelaide Rebecca) only serves to heighten the isolation which makes the pathos of Mordecai's lot.

But surely the critics had no occa-

sion to doubt the possibility of a Jew like Mordecai at a time when we are still mourning the loss of one who laid down his life for the regeneration of our views of Israel's past as Mordecai sacrificed his for the elevation of our hopes of Israel's future. "I have certain words in my possession," wrote Emanuel Deutsch,<sup>1</sup> "which have been given me that they might be said to others, few or many. . . . I know also that I shall not find peace or rest until I have said my whole say. And yet I cannot do it. And I yearn for things which I see and which might have been mine and would have been blessing and sunshine and the cooling dew to the small germs within me--and yet! and yet!—"

Would that Mr. Deutsch had lived to convince the world in his own burning words that Mordecai is no inert scarecrow of abstractions, but a warm living reality!

We have laid so much stress upon the artistic truth of Mordecai's character because, if this be granted, it is inexplicable that the central incident of the Jewish part of *Daniel Deronda*, the meeting on the bridge between him and Deronda, should have failed to strike readers as perhaps the most remarkable incident in English fiction. If Mordecai has artistic reality we contend that the meeting on the bridge in chapter xl. reaches a tragic intensity which almost transcends the power of the novel, and would perhaps require the manifold emotive inlets of the Wagnerian drama to do it justice: eye, ear, brain, and heart should all be responsive. We boldly deny greater tragic intensity to any incident in Shakespeare. Nor are there wanting signs that the author herself, no contemptible critic of her own productions, sets an equal value on the incident. In the motto prefixed to chapter xxxviii., describing Mordecai's yearnings, she tells us in Brownesque English—

"There be who hold that the deeper

<sup>1</sup> *The Literary Remains of the late Emanuel Deutsch* (Murray, 1874), p. xii.

tragedy were a Prometheus bound, not *after*, but *before*, he had well got the celestial fire into the *νάρθη*, whereby it might be conveyed to mortals. Thrust by the Kratos and Bia of instituted methods into a solitude of despised ideas, fastened in throbbing helplessness by the fatal pressure of poverty and disease—a solitude where many pass by, but none regard."

In other words, George Eliot considers the circumstances of Mordecai's fate to surpass in tragic pathos the most colossal monument of Greek dramatic art. Notice, too, the care with which she leads up to the incident. In chapter xxxvii. we have Deronda coming to the Meyricks at Chelsea to announce to Mirah the forthcoming visit of Klesmer, and the chapter finishes as he is leaving Chelsea. The next chapter (xxxviii.) is filled with a description of Mordecai's yearning for a spiritual successor, and gives us *en passant* a fine picture of the scene of the meeting (iii. 137). We get here in short all we need to understand and sympathise with the final episode of the "book;" but lest we should come upon the fulfilment of the prophecy with too vivid a memory of the author's sublimation of the idea of prophecy, we have interposed, like a comic scene in an Elizabethan tragedy, the magnificent account of Klesmer's visit to the Meyricks in chap. xxxix., which clearly occurred *after* the events described in chapter xl., which takes up the stream of narrative from chapter xxxvii.

It seems to us clear that all this seemingly inartistic transposition of events is intended to make the incident of chapter xl. stand out more sharply into relief. We have the miracle explained away, it is true—the modern analytic spirit requires it—but the author wishes us to forget the explanation, or at least to relegate the intellectual element of chapter xxxviii. to the unconscious background, where it may be ready to assist, though not present to obstruct, emotion. All this care appears to show

the importance attached by the author to the last chapter of book v.

And in itself, apart from what the author may think of it, what a soul-moving incident is there contained! A representative of an ancient world-important people, whose royalty of wrongs makes the aristocracies of Europe appear petty, finds himself clutched by the griping hands of want and death before he can move the world to that vision of the Phoenix-rise of Israel which the prophetic instincts of his race have brought up clear before him. Careless of his own comfort, careless of coming death, he desires only to live anew—as the quasi-Positivist doctrine of the Cabala bids him live—in "minds made nobler by his presence." His prophetic vision pictures to him the very lineaments of his spiritual *alter ego*, whom he pathetically thinks of as differing from himself in all externals, and, as death draws nigh, the very scene of their meeting. And in this nineteenth century, in prosaic London, this inward vision of the poor consumptive Jew is fulfilled to the letter.

Would it be too bold a suggestion if we suspected the author of having typified in the meeting of Deronda and Mordecai that

"One far-off divine event  
To which the whole creation moves,"

the meeting of Israel and its Redeemer? In personal characteristics, in majestic gravity (we cannot imagine Deronda laughing), in width of sympathy and depth of tenderness, even in outward appearance, Daniel resembles the great Galilean Pharisee<sup>1</sup> whom all Christendom has accepted as in very truth the Messiah that will restore Judea to the Holy People. To say the least, the author suggests the audacity in her comparison of the two to the figures of Jesus and the Pharisee in Titian's "Tribute Money."

<sup>1</sup> A friend informs me that Pharisee is derived from פָּרִישׁ, to extend (the law), not from פָּרַשׁ to separate and define it.

We do not remember a single criticism<sup>1</sup> which has referred to this magnificent scene, where to our mind George Eliot's power of representing soul speaking to soul has reached its greatest height. We do not remember a single critic who seemed to think that Mordecai's fate was in any way more pitiful than that of any other consumptive workman with mystic and impossible ideas. What reasons can be given for this defect of sympathy? In addition to the before-mentioned assumption that Mordecai does not possess artistic reality, there has been the emotional obstruction to sympathy with a Jew, and the intellectual element of want of knowledge about modern Judaism. If Mordecai had been an English workman laying down his life for the foundation of some English International with Deronda for its Messiah Lassalle, he would have received more attention from the critics. But a Jew with views involving issues changing the future history of Humanity—"impossible, vague, mystic." Let us not be misunderstood: the past generation of Englishmen has been so generous to Jews that we should be ungrateful if we accused cultured Englishmen of the present day of being *consciously* repelled by the idea of a poor Jew being worthy of admiration. But fifteen centuries of hatred are not to be wiped out by any legislative enactment. No one can say that the fact of a man's being a Jew makes no more difference in other men's minds than if he were (say) a Wesleyan. There yet remains a deep unconscious undercurrent of prejudice against the Jew which conscientious Englishmen have often to fight against as part of that lower nature, a survival of the less perfect development of our ancestors, which impedes the Ascent of Man.

Along with this unconscious Judeo-

phobia there has gone the intellectual element of a tacit assumption that modern Judaism is a lifeless code of ritual instead of a living body of religious truth. Of course the pathos and tragedy of Mordecai's fate depend in large measure on the value of the ideas for which he laid down his life. If he were a crazy believer that the English nation is descended from the lost Ten Tribes, his fate would only deserve a smile of contemptuous pity. Hence the artistic necessity of the philosophic discussion in chapter xlii., where his ideas are explained and defended. Here again we have to complain of the want of sympathy shown by the critics, but perhaps still more of their want of knowledge. Our author devotes the forty-first chapter to a piece of special pleading (really addressed to the reader, though supposed to be a philosophic musing of Deronda's), the outcome of which is that if we want to tell whether an enthusiast is justified in his faith, our only test is knowledge of the subject-matter. And the moral naturally is: study the history of the Jews. Hegel says somewhere—"The heritage a great man leaves the world is to force it to explain him," and we may say the same of a great work of art. But the critics of *Daniel Deronda* have refused to pay the heavy probate duty of wading through the ten volumes or so of Grätz's *Geschichte der Juden* to see whether Mordecai's ideas have anything in them or no: the easier plan was to denounce them as "vague and mystical." If it be contended that the subject is too unfamiliar for ordinary readers, and therefore unsuited for a novel, we may answer that similar reasoning would exalt an Offenbach over a Beethoven. George Eliot has endeavoured to raise the novel to heights where it may treat of subjects hitherto reserved for the Drama or the Epic, but instead of encouragement from English critics she meets with their neglect.

Apart, however, from the intrinsic value of Mordecai's ideas, the discussion

<sup>1</sup> Professor Dowden's article in the *Contemporary Review* for February, which appeared after the above was written, forms an exception with respect to this as to all the other deficiencies of the critics against which we here protest.

would deserve our admiration as a literary *tour de force*. It was the high praise of the Greek philosopher that if the gods spoke Greek they would talk as Plato wrote: may we not say that if Isaiah had spoken English he would have prophesied as George Eliot makes Mordecai speak? We trace in this the influence which the Authorised Version, —with all its inaccuracies, the most living reproduction of the Hebrew Scriptures—has had on our principal writers, notably in the case of so unbiblical a writer as Mr. Swinburne.

And what of the ideas which Mordecai clothes with words as of one whose lips have been touched with coals of burning fire? What vagueness or mystery is there in the grand and simple lines of Jewish policy laid down by Mordecai? Two ideas dominate Mordecai's arguments throughout the discussion. The resumption of the soil of Palestine by the Jews (which has often been proposed by Gentile writers as a solution of the much vexed Eastern Question), and as a consequence the third and final promulgation of the Jewish religion to the world, are sufficiently definite ideas, however large and grand they may be. Even if one disagree with Mordecai's views one may at any rate pay him the respect due to an energetic leader of opposition, and recognise in him the leader of those who refuse to believe that Israel's part in history is played out, and that her future policy should be to amalgamate with the nations as soon as possible, letting her glorious past sink into an antiquarian study instead of living as a perennial spring of political action. Mordecai is not of those who hold that the millennium will come when men shall have arrived at that nicely balanced mediocrity, that the "pale abstract" man shall know his brother from other cosmopolitan beings only by some official badge necessary for distinction. He rather holds that in the world-organism of the nations each nationality will have its special function, Israel, as the Jewish poet-philosopher said, being

the nations' heart.<sup>1</sup> The now-prevailing doctrine of Heredity and the political enthusiasm for Panславism, Panteutonism, Pan-whatnotism, will have nought to urge against these Panjudaic views. And to our minds Mordecai's is the profounder philosophy of history when he further thinks that the great quarry of religious truth, whence two world-religions have been hewn and shaped, but only into torsos, has yet wherewithal to completely fashion the religion of the future. The one theologic dogma of Judaism, the unity of the Godhead (involving, as Mordecai remarks, the unity of mankind), can meet with no harsh reception from the philosophies of the day, imbued as they all are with the monism of the "God-intoxicated Jew." The rationalism of Spinoza's *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*, which has undermined medieval Christianity, now tottering from the attack, merely represents the outcome of a long line of Jewish thought on prophecy, miracles, and the like, and is, in large measure, derived from our summa theologice, the *More Nebuchim* of Maimonides. Again, reverence for law, as marked a trait of the Jewish spirit as of Roman pride (the Talmud is but a *Corpus Juris*), is another characteristic which Judaism shares with the *Zukunft Religion*. The divorce between man and the world, which is the disintegrating factor in Christianity, nowhere finds a place in Judaism. Further, the teleologic tendency of the evolution doctrine must find a reason for the miraculous tenacity with which Judaism has clung to life. If, as biologists tell us, life consists in the adaptation of internal forces to the relations of the environment, Judaism, of all religions, has most truly lived, and George Eliot has with due knowledge connected the utterances of Mordecai on Judaism with the problem of the hour, "What

<sup>1</sup> Cusari, ii. 36. Mordecai attributes the saying to Jehuda Halevi; Sephardo in the *Spanish Gypsy*, p. 210, to the *Book of Light*, the Cabalistic book *Sohar*. It occurs in both. *Vide Cassel's note in loco*.

is progress?" In this connection it was interesting to contrast the history of the two religions of civilisation in the ages previous to the Reformation. While Father after Father was crystallising the freethought of Jesus into stony dogma; while Doctor after Doctor was riveting still closer the fetters of reason; Rabbi after Rabbi was adapting tradition to the reason of the time, each, when his task was done, dying with the *shemah*<sup>1</sup> on his lips. Our author has put into the mouth of a Jew one of her noblest passages, describing this progress in Judaism. Sephardo, in the *Spanish Gypsy* (p. 215), speaks thus of the principles of order and progress in the Jewish religion—

"I abide

By that wise spirit of listening reverence  
Which marks the boldest doctors of our race.  
For truth to us is like a living child,  
Born of two parents: if the parents part  
And will divide the child, how shall it live?  
Or I will rather say: Two angels guide  
The paths of man, both aged and yet young,  
As angels are, ripening through endless years.  
On one he leans: some call her Memory,  
Some Tradition; and her voice is sweet  
With deep mysterious accords: the other,  
Floating above, holds down a lamp which  
streams

A light divine and searching on the earth,  
Compelling eyes and footsteps: memory yields  
Yet clings with loving check, and shines anew,  
Reflecting all the rays of that bright lamp  
Our Angel Reason holds. We had not walked,  
But for tradition: we walk evermore,  
To higher paths by brightening Reason's  
lamp."

The pages of that history of rationalism that shall treat of the progress of Jewish theosophy, culminating in the epoch-making thought of Spinoza, will fully bear out the historic truth of the above description. And surely that represents the spirit with which we may expect the religion of the future to be informed.

But the new birth of Judaism and its revelation to the world are, in Mordecai's opinion, indissolubly connected with the new birth of the Jewish race as a nation. "The effect

<sup>1</sup> The assertion of the Divine Unity, *Deut.* vi. 4.

of our separateness," he says, "will not be completed and have its highest transformation unless our race takes on again the character of a nationality." And here again history confirms his views. For the life of Judaism has been connected with the history of Jews in a way such as has been the fate of no other religion. The very name of the religion displays this intimate connection; of all religions Judaism alone has been named after the race of its believers. And it is to this that we may perhaps attribute the peculiar interest that George Eliot has felt for Jews, which we can trace at least as far back as 1864, when the first draft of the *Spanish Gypsy* was written. The two chief interests of the translator of Strauss and the friend of Mr. Herbert Spencer have been the religious consciousness, which she was the first to use for the artistic purposes of the novel, and the influence of hereditary forces, which she first raised into an ethical creed. And Jews are interesting in both connections, exhibiting in the greatest known degree what is to her the highest virtue, fidelity to claims of race. At the same time this relation of believers and creed has been the source of much misconception. No distinction is made in the popular mind between the theologic and ethical doctrines of Judaism and the national customs of Jews. It is true that in the biblical times and afterwards the social and religious sanctions were not differentiated, but their *raison d'être* nowadays, apart from the sanitary sanction of many of the customs, is merely the same as that which preserves many family customs among the aristocracies of Europe. It is our national boast to have been the first to proclaim the true God, and the "Swiss Guards of Deism," as Heine wittily calls us, have clothed themselves with such customs as with a uniform. These rites and ceremonies are not essential to the Judaism we have the mission to preach to the world: for Jews are a missionary though not a proselytising people; how-



ever our voices may have hitherto been stifled, we have lived our mission if we have not been permitted to preach it. Those who become Jews in religion need not adopt the Mosaic rites unless they wish to be naturalised as Jews in race. Still the religious trust that has kept the national life throbbing through the centuries has been the conviction that the Messiah who shall spread Judaism to the four corners of the world will be a Jew by race as well as in creed. And Mordecai's views of the resumption of the soil of the Holy Land by the holy people are the only logical position of a Jew who desires that the long travail of the ages shall not end in the total disappearance of the race. For from the times of the Judges periods of prosperity, such as the one upon which the present generation has entered, have been the most perilous for our national life: it is the struggle for national existence that has resulted, we are vain enough to think, in the survival of the fittest missionaries of the true religion. The Sages say, "Israel is like the olive, the more it is pressed, the more copious the oil;" and it is to be feared that the removal of the pressure will result in the cessation of the noble needs that are typified by the oil. Unless some such project as Mordecai has in view be carried out in the next three generations, it is much to be feared that both the national life of Jews and the religious life of Judaism will perish utterly from the face of the earth. "A consummation devoutly to be wished," the scoffers may say; but not surely those in whose veins runs the blood of Israelites, and who have the proud heritage of God's truth to hand down to their children.

Enough has perhaps been said to show that Mordecai's views about the future of Judaism and of Jews have all history and much reason on their side and display those powers of intellectual intuition of the future which the psychological system of Maimonides assigns to the Prophet. And we have perhaps contributed somewhat to an explanation of Deronda's acceptance of his

spiritual inheritance. Like Mordecai, Deronda protests against the "blasphemy of the time," that men should stand by as spectators of life instead of living. But before he meets with Mordecai what noble work in life has this young and cultured Englishman with his thousands a year? This age of unfaith gives no outlet for his deep, spiritual yearnings (nor for those of thousands like him). The old beliefs are gone: the world is godless, and Deronda cannot, for all the critics have said, offer to Gwendolen Grandcourt any consolation in a higher order of things instead of the vague platitudes which alone remain to be offered. Yet there comes to this young ardent soul an angel of the Lord (albeit in the shape of a poor Jew watch-mender) with a burning message, giving a mission in life as grand as the most far-reaching ideal he could have formed. Is it strange that his thirsty soul should have swallowed up the soul of Mordecai, in the Cabalistic way which the latter often refers to? Is it strange that Deronda should not have refused the heritage of his race when offered by the hands of Mirah's brother? But is it not strange that the literary leaders of England should have failed to see aught but unsatisfactory vagueness in all the parts of *Daniel Deronda* which treat of the relations of the hero with Mordecai Cohen? Is it possible that they have failed to see the grandeur and beauty of these incidents because of the lack of that force of imagination necessary to pierce to the pathos of a contemporary tragedy, however powerful their capacity might be to see the romance of a Rebecca of York or the pathos of a Baruch Spinoza?

One possible source of misconception for English readers may be mentioned. Since the time of Moses Mendelssohn the home of spiritual Judaism has been in Germany, and George Eliot, whose pages are informed with the writings of German Jews like Zunz, Geiger, and Grätz, has, with true historic insight attributed Mordecai's spiritual birth to

the teachings of his German uncle. English Judaism is without signs of life: the only working of the spirit, the abortive reform agitation, was due to a similar movement in Germany. And English Jews have themselves much to blame for the neglect that English criticism has shown for Mordecai.

What we have attempted to show has been that the adverse criticism on the Mordecai part of *Daniel Deronda* has been due to lack of sympathy and want of knowledge on the part of the critics, and hence its failure is not (if we must use the word) objective. If a young lady refuses to see any pathos in Othello's fate because she dislikes dark complexions, we blame the young lady, not Shakspeare: and if the critics have refused to see the pathos of Mordecai's fate because he is a Jew of the present day—so much the worse for the critics!

We have not attempted to criticise *Daniel Deronda* as a whole. Whether it errs in the juxtapositions of two parts appealing to such widely diverse interests, or in the position of the hero—which seems to partake of that unstable equilibrium which the proverb assigns to him that sitteth on two stools—or in the frequent introduction

of physiological psychology couched in Spenserian phraseology, we have not cared to inquire. We have only spoken because we have some of the knowledge and all of the sympathy which alone, we contend, are needed to make the Mordecai part of *Daniel Deronda* as great a success as all must acknowledge to have attended the part relating to Gwendolen Harleth. If this be so, the lovers of English literature will have the gratification of knowing that the hand of one of our greatest artists has not lost its cunning in these last days. Indeed, if a higher subject argue higher faculties, the successful treatment of a great world-problem would seem to be an advance on her previous studies of village life.

One word more of explanation. I have spoken throughout the above remarks in the plural, as feeling that most of what I have said would be shared by all Jews who have the knowledge and the sympathy which enable them to recognise in Mordecai Cohen not only the finest representative of their religion and race in all literature, but also the most impressive personality in English fiction.

JOSEPH JACOBS.

## THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

THE opening of Sir Coutts Lindsay's magnificent Gallery in New Bond Street implies something more than a mere addition to the formidable list of annual picture exhibitions. That a picture-gallery on such a scale, and so sumptuously fitted, should be erected by private enterprise, is in itself a fact to be noted: and though some of the decorative detail is rather rich than refined in style; though we may be puzzled by the architectural anomaly of a grand entrance and staircase which seem to lead to nothing; yet having once found our way into the principal room, we cannot but feel that there is something in the impression produced by the pictures, as grouped on these spacious and richly-hung walls, quite alien from that sense of confusion and weariness which the eye experiences in ranging over the closely-packed walls of an average exhibition room. The distribution of the pictures, both on the walls and in the catalogue under artists' names, is something more than a mere matter of arrangement; it indicates that view of the art of painting, not unfamiliar in France (and accepted by ourselves in our estimate of old pictures), which regards a painting in reference to the individuality of the artist rather than to the mere facts of the subject; and this not only in regard to qualities of manipulation, but taking into account also the mental attitude of the artist towards his subject. If only the possibility of this view of painting, as a form of expression of the relation of individual intellect to life and nature, could be thus suggested to some small proportion of our holiday picture-gazers, the Grosvenor Gallery would have had a *raison d'être*. The avowed position of its owner, however, is that his gallery is to represent the best and

most intellectual art of the day; that he invites the contribution only of works of the highest standard, and in such limited number as to avoid all crowding of the walls, and give the gallery the air of a picture saloon in a private palace, rather than of an exhibition filled from the public drag-net.

Certainly this is a consummation devoutly to be wished, and the attainment of which would seem to be perfectly compatible with that entire absence either of opposition or of devotion to any special school of painting which is earnestly professed at the Grosvenor Gallery. As a matter of fact, however, this first exhibition is to some extent a demonstration in favour of certain modes or fashions of painting (not bound together in such coherency as to constitute a "school") which have not so far found favour in the public eye. Some of those who are recognised in another place, by the initiated and the laity alike, as among our most gifted artists, are here represented only by works painted some time since, for other occasions, and now lent by their present owners. On the other hand, artists who have long since indignantly flicked from their boots the dust of Burlington House (not perhaps without some preliminary invitation so to do) are found here in high state—

"Amongst the enthroned gods on sainted seats."

Others who may complain of having been fairly (or unfairly) turned out of doors by the recognised institution for promoting Art, are here had in dignity and estimation. Without concluding that the Grosvenor Gallery is intended to be either a nursery of neo-Italian painting, or a casual ward for the

reception of homeless artists, it is impossible to ignore the tendencies illustrated in its opening exhibition.

These are most pointedly displayed, perhaps, in the dedication of one end of the room entirely to the works of Mr. Burne Jones. Since this artist declined public demonstration of his powers, there can be no question that he has achieved a far higher *technique*; as little question, perhaps, that his possible path in art has been more sharply restricted and defined. The painter of *Love Disguised as Reason*, one of the last works of his that was seen at the old Water-Colour Society, might, so far as one could then judge, have taken one of two very different paths; might have developed an art combining latter-day passion or *Sehn-sucht* with something of the intellectual *névrosé* of which Chaucer is the type;<sup>1</sup> or he might, from the point of departure of some other drawings of that period, have developed what might be called the mystical-decorative style. To the latter his scale has inclined; for the *Days of Creation*, mystical in subject, is emphatically decorative painting. An exquisite finish of execution, a richness and harmony of colour, scarcely to be over-rated, we do doubtless see in this painting. But if we attempt to carry our inquiry beyond the external aspect to the thought of the painting, we are brought up at once. In these graceful and melancholy winged figures which stand dreamily holding the symbols of their several offices, there is positively not a thought or a meaning deeper than might furnish matter for a child's Sunday picture-book. There is no attempt at distinctive character or expression in the various figures; their faces have the same gentle vacuity of sentiment; they stand in a row, looking certainly, as is said of the days in Genesis, "very good," and only by the contents of the crystal globes they hold, the last of which exhibits a little

Adam and Eve, do we find out what they are severally intended to symbolise. Putting out of question the light in which the Mosaic account of creation is now regarded by most educated persons, it seems incredible that in the present day a grown man should paint, for grown men and women to look at, anything so infantile in sentiment as this; should bestow all this beauty of colour and manipulation upon such a piece of child's scenery. Were these panels a "predella" to some great ideal painting, we might accept them as embodying that degree of symbolism which would afford a suitable decorative adjunct to the principal work; we might even conclude that this alone is their intention, but for comparison with the painting beside them, *Venus' Mirror*. But here, in a painting of quite a different scope, intended to represent no angels or genii, but terrestrial women, we find the same type of face as in the angels of the *Days*; the same dreamy vacuity of expression, the same type of mouth which is the peculiar delight of certain painters and their critics, who will describe it for you as "moulded by passive potentialities of passion," or "full-blown with illimitable desire." Quitting however, these inexplicable females who, in front of a landscape mapped out with conventional regularity, gaze with such unaccountable agony of solemnity on the reflection of their own faces in the pond, we gladly recognise in some of the larger symbolical figures a more masculine and healthy feeling. *Fides* is a noble design, though in a somewhat conventional style; and in the unfinished *Sibyl* there is a freedom of action and expression, and a largeness of manner which seem to promise that the artist, if he can shake himself free from the affected sentimentalism which has beset his genius, may yet rise above decorative painting.

A word in reply to that lifting of the eyebrows which will be the comment on the last remark, on the part of those who do continually affirm that

<sup>1</sup>As, to a certain limited extent, Mr. Morris has succeeded in combining them in poetry.

all painting is decorative, and that only under such a character does the art achieve its highest aims and capabilities. Such an axiom, reduced to its plain meaning, probably intends to infer that a majority of the productions of the great age of Italian painting, omitting the Venetian school (a pretty considerable exception), were painted on walls and ceilings, and as part of the decoration of buildings, and not as things complete in themselves; and the moral drawn is—if we would produce equal results, let us go and do likewise. Something no doubt may be said for the idea of bringing this art more home to the people at large by making it more a part of the decoration of our public buildings; though even here it would be rash to count on thus awakening the same kind of naïve and unaffected interest in such an art, as was natural when the middle and lower class mind was so much more shut out from literary and other intellectual interests than is now the case. As to the further corollary which seems to be implied, that we have no great art now because we paint on canvas—let us paint on wet plaster instead, and we shall be sure to have a great style; of people who reason thus we can only conclude, as Canning did of those who professed to like dry champagne, that “they would say anything.” The idea of greater dignity supposed to belong to what is called decorative painting is a fallacy. That is, for all intellectual purposes, the greatest painting which has in itself the most complete individuality and intensity of poetic expression, independent of its surroundings. To say that it cannot exercise its highest influence on us, unless forming a portion of a scheme of mural decoration, is as rational as to say that Tennyson or Browning cannot come home to our minds with their full meaning unless we have their words engraved on the walls instead of being bound up in volumes.

Flanking the wall devoted to the works of Mr. Burne Jones, we find

some singular productions which seem to be the ghosts of the early Renaissance revived. One painter gives us a modern Pinturicchio. Another imparts a certain colour of his own to figures in the draperies and the manner of Botticelli, and in looking at his painting of *Love and the Maiden*, we at least share the wonder of the latter at the sight of the remarkable youth before her, who, from the perspective relation of his legs to the tree trunks on either side of him, must be straddling his limbs in a manner which would make his front view still more remarkable. Next to this we find a starved, bloodless, nude figure, with oakum hair, which we are invited to accept as the mother of the human race. Such an art as this reminds one of the dead crew who rose again to work the ship of the Ancient Mariner. That the figures here are more naïve, more at variance with the ideal of the subject represented, than in many productions of fifteenth-century art which are justly admired, need not be implied; but what was “childlike” in the earlier days of art becomes only “childish” when revived in the face of our present culture; and between the two epithets there lies a whole world of meaning.

Turning to the portion of the walls occupied by Mr. Whistler, while still among the singularities of the exhibition, we are in a more healthy atmosphere. Mr. Whistler's art is at least no echo of anything else; it expresses his own artistic idiosyncrasy. If we fail to find sufficient motive for painting, on a scale of life size, what may be called phantoms of figures, we at least feel that these are genuine as far as they go; and that the idea of painting the general impression of a figure rather than its accidental details of costume is logically comprehensible. The figure of the girl in white is full of character and feeling; and the slightly-painted dress is no mere bundle of drapery; it is filled with the figure, in a manner testifying to that power of draughtsmanship to



which the artist's life-studies and other drawings bear witness more fully. His *Nocturnes* are again in the debatable land; they can hardly be called nature; they are rather accidents of effect to which everything else is sacrificed. This, though reasonable enough within limits, brings us to a region hardly convenient to dwell in; the air is too thin. As Samuel Johnson said of certain literary vagaries—"Nothing odd will do for long;" a dictum which must apply to this phase of the art of Mr. Whistler; who has, however, other props already for his artistic fame, and a long career, let us hope, in which to embody the suggestions of his genius in less fleeting and insubstantial forms. That he can do so is amply proved by his admirable painting of Mr. Carlyle which hangs in the vestibule, and which may be called one of the most strongly characteristic of contemporary portraits.

The works of Mr. Holman Hunt in the gallery are not among his most important, but they are sufficiently characteristic of his practice to suggest certain reflections. If in Mr. Whistler's works we seem to have the soul of painting with but little of the body, in the works of Mr. Hunt we have the body without the soul. That he is a remarkable phenomenon in contemporary English art no one with any sense or perception in regard to painting would think of questioning. Such a production as his *Afterglow* is a triumph of realistic force such as only the rarest insight into the relation of pigments to light, and the most intense and concentrated assiduity, could attain to. But his art seems to stop at the outsides of things. The body is there, brilliant, forcible, glowing; but where is the informing soul? It is worth while to contrast his smaller painting of *An Italian Girl* with the half-length of a girl by Mr. Leslie, under the title *Palm Blossom*, which hangs nearly opposite. In Mr. Hunt's painting the outside of the girl is there unquestionably, down even to the minute wrinkles on her lips; and the

dress is a beautiful harmony of low tones. But of the expression, the character of the child, there is nothing: she turns up to us mechanically a dull, carefully-painted face, with every wrinkle of the skin studied, and that is all; while Mr. Leslie's little girl, though a painting, let it be admitted, of far less force and individuality in a certain sense (for execution and colour such as Mr. Hunt's are hard facts that claim their full value), has a real life and character looking through her features. Of humour Mr. Hunt does not seem to have a shred, in his painting at least; witness *The Lantern-maker's Courtship*, in which the mechanical clockwork action of the figure contrasts with the intended humour of the incident in a manner almost painful in its incongruity. It is of no use—despite of such unremitting zeal, of specially-arranged exhibitions, and the support of a large portion of the press, Mr. Hunt and his not too discreet or reticent admirers will not persuade the world that this is the highest kind of thing to be looked for from painting, unless we are to regard the art as consisting in mere imitative realism; a theory which, in the eyes of some persons, would apparently be considered as involving no sacrifice of any kind. Indeed, those who have taken note of the kind of temper in which the claims of this artist to unquestioning veneration are upheld, the restricted mental culture and the bigotry of assertion which go hand-in-hand in this worship, may be excused if they hardly find themselves attracted to the shrine of the painter by the nature of the incense burned before him.

Of the paintings which represent the names of Poynter, Millais, and Tadema, there is less call to speak, their respective standing and position in contemporary art being little questioned or open to question, while the works exhibited here under their names scarcely illustrate their highest or most characteristic powers: the small pictures by Mr. Poynter contain, indeed, some of his most beautiful

work; but these, like nearly all the works of these three painters in the gallery, are of earlier date, and lent by the present owners. But Mr. Watts contributes a recent painting of great power, and which alone, perhaps, of all the works exhibited here, can merit the title of a great picture. A greatness of style is perceptible, as was observed, in two of the larger figures of Mr. Burne Jones; but in Mr. Watts's *Love and Death* there is a grand and impressive idea, appealing to our imaginative faculty as well as to our sense of form and colour, shadowing forth one of the profoundest enigmas of life, and embodied with a sombre grandeur worthy of the subject. There is something that sends a chill through us in the sight of this heavily-draped, slow-moving, portentous figure, which advances irresistibly towards the entrance, as we may say, of the House of Life, its back to the spectator, the terror of its countenance only to be guessed from the reflected agony of protest and repulse in the action of the rosy winged boy who is ready to sink under his doom. The figures are in one sense supernatural, but it is noticeable how Mr. Watts's supernatural differs from that of his "opposite" at the further extremity of the room. Mr. Burne Jones's angels are supernatural in virtue of the elimination of every characteristic of human feeling or passion; Mr. Watts's figures represent moods of human feeling in its most intense and concentrated ideal expression. Before a picture like this we feel that painting can still do something for us intellectually; can quicken our deepest sympathies, and stir our profoundest emotions, "comparing spiritual things with spiritual."<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Richmond's *Electra at the Tomb of Agamemnon* is also a work of high and imaginative aim, but one in regard to which we cannot help at once per-

<sup>1</sup> May it be suggested, though doubtfully and with deference, whether there is not an oversight in perspective, by which the left leg of the figure representing "Love" is made to ap-

pear that it would never have been painted, had not the works of Mr. Leighton been in existence first; though, to say truth, the work does not come too near to its model. The artist may rest with more confidence on his portraits, which, however, are not painted for the occasion. That of *Mrs. Freshfield*, though unquestionably open to a charge of mannerism, is very unusual and very charming in its semi-idealised treatment, its delicate harmonies of colour in the elegant decorative adjuncts, the fine drawing of the hands, and in a certain serene dignity of pose and manner imparted to the whole.

Among those whose works are largely represented in the gallery is Mr. Legros, than whom no one exhibits a style more manly, sincere, and unpretending. His *Le Chaudronnier* is a painting which at once compels our respect by its simple truthfulness and straightforwardness of style. This and the other larger works of this artist are not, however, exhibited by himself; his own contributions comprise a landscape and four studies of heads painted before the Slade school class in the course of his duties as instructor, and which are full of spirit and character. In the larger works there is a certain deficiency, a dullness of tone and a too uniform quiescence in the figures, which cannot but be felt as a shortcoming; and it is in fact, so far, by this artist's studies and especially by his etchings, that we know how forcible he can be. Possibly he may transplant this force and vivacity in time into his larger works, which only require some such brightening up as that

pear too long! If the line of the ankle down to the heel (partially hid by the right leg) be followed out by the eye, and compared with the perspective distance between the two feet of the figure on the pavement, it certainly appears that the lower part of this limb must be of disproportionate length. If it be so, it is a small blemish in a great work, easily corrected: if those more learned in technicalities of drawing decide that there is nothing wrong, so much the better.

would imply, to render them works of very high interest, as they are already of very solid and enduring merit. Then there is Mr. A. Moore, another painter with a marked individuality, whose principal contributions here represent his peculiar qualities,—grace of form, very fine drawing, and most delicate combinations of colour in decorative drapery,—in perfection; a perfection, however, which has rather restricted aims, and moves within narrow bounds. Indeed, the artist has not apparently claimed in general to be more than a painter of the outward graces of elegant figure, and subtle tones of colour; he generally gives his beautiful little works some merely conventional distinctive title, “pansies,” “beads,” and so on. In the present case one figure holds a book closed in the hand, and is entitled *The End of the Story*: a title which rather unfortunately forces upon our attention the limits of his art. Such a title naturally excites our interest; we expect to see in the expression of the figure something that may suggest to our imagination the nature of the story and of its effect on the reader. But Mr. Moore gives us nothing of this. His figure is a graceful woman, charmingly draped, and she holds a book; but that is all that he tells us. The larger figure, *Sapphires*, is evidently finished *con amore*, and is so perfect in its delicate physical charm of contour and colour as to tempt us for the moment to forget that we may tire of an art, however lovely, which makes little appeal to the intellect and none to the emotions.

Of the collection in the smaller room there is not much to suggest special comment, except the fact that a usually very realistic French painter of modern English society has suddenly taken to allegory, and that it is to be earnestly hoped he will find out his mistake before going any further with it. As to his portrayal of the English “Meess,” M. Tissot has at least got over the prejudice of his countrymen in regard to the looks and

dress of our countrywomen; he portrays a certain type of girl, the style of the figure, the sit of the dress, to perfection: but why this type of girl always? That there are young women to be found, even among those who rank socially as “ladies,” so “dressy,” so inanely handsome, so pert and essentially vulgar in expression, we unfortunately know; that an artist desirous of painting “society” in England should perversely select this disagreeable type for illustration is not altogether creditable either to his taste as an artist or his truthfulness as an illustrator. It would be hardly courteous to quit the Grosvenor Gallery without a word for the fine portrait by Sir Coutts Lindsay himself, of Lady Lindsay; a full-length figure holding a violin; a work combining considerable individuality in expression with a rich, though not obtrusive, decorative effect. The portrait of the same lady by Mr. Watts, apparently at a considerably earlier date, also appears; a portrait full of life and energy, and very fine in colour. Sculpture is but scantily represented. Mr. Maclean’s *Ione* (presumably the heroine of *The Last Days of Pompeii*) has fine qualities, and is in a pure and sculptural style: and we cannot but contrast the advantageous circumstances under which such a figure is seen here, in the midst of a large and handsomely furnished room, with the conditions under which sculpture is exhibited at the Academy rooms. The little sculpture gallery at the Grosvenor rooms is unfortunately too narrow, but here also the conditions of sculptural effect, in regard to lighting and accessories, have been kept in view.

The comparative absence of landscape from the collection is a deficiency to be regretted. The paintings of this class are few in number, and no one of them can be said to be really important. But landscape is so peculiarly the modern form of the art, that in which the greatest things have been accomplished almost within the present generation, that no exhi-

bition of contemporary painting can be thought at all complete which does not adequately represent what is being aimed at and accomplished in landscape painting.

If the Grosvenor Gallery can be made to realise the object which has been professed, of providing an annual exhibition of high-class pictures only, arranged effectively and without crowding, it will be an inestimable boon. We have far too many promiscuous exhibitions for real enjoyment, and the sense gets absolutely wearied with ranging over the waste of common-places among which the good things at Burlington House are disposed. It cannot be said that commonplace, and even worse, is unrepresented in the first exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery. Dire things are to be found there; but the principal gallery is kept fairly clear of them; and even the eccentricities which figure there have some aim beyond that of painting the first thing that comes to hand, "because they find it so, and like it somehow," which has been said to be specially characteristic of English artists. But it is impossible to overlook the presence of an element of eccentricity, the prominence given to types of painting which form the special *cultus* of small groups of worshippers who offer up a blind admiration, each to their own special high priest. There is far too much at present of this private clique spirit in connection with painting in England. An artist declines public notice, and shows his productions only as a special favour to a special circle, who kiss the hem of his garment and see nothing but perfection in his work; and if we inquire, why this mystery and pri-

vacy? we are gravely rebuked, and asked on what principle an artist is bound to make public his work at all. To which the simple answer is that all genuine and robust human genius seeks the light of day; craves, in obedience to what in lofty irony has been defined for all time as "that last infirmity of noble minds," for the suffrage of mankind, for the "applause and universal shout" which stir the blood and confirm the hopes of him

"Who thinks he hath done well in people's eyes."

From one point of view, therefore, it is a step in the right direction, that some of these specialists in painting have in this case come out of their concealment and appealed to a more public verdict: and it is much to be regretted, in the real interests of art, that one remarkable painter whose praise is loud on the lips of those who are admitted to familiarity with his works, should not have availed himself of the same opportunity: for most assuredly it is only in the great air of life that a great and healthy art can grow and flourish. Only let it be urged that this very end would be defeated if the new exhibition were to be made a field for the especial display of artistic eccentricities, however brilliant; and that if the Grosvenor Gallery is to hold the position and exercise the healthy influence on contemporary painting which has been professed and hoped for, it must be by promoting the art which appeals to the widest sympathies and culture of the educated world, rather than by enabling certain limited circles of *dilettanti* to indulge each in its favourite flavour of caviare.

H. HEATHCOTE STATHAM.

COLONIA CAMULODUNUM.<sup>1</sup>

THE history of the town in which we are now met, as far as it concerns the general history of the island, belongs mainly to three distinct periods; and, in two of these, Colchester, placed as it is in the extreme east end of the island, has a singular historical connexion with events which went on at the same time in the western parts of the island. In strictly English history, the time when Colchester plays its really most important part is in the tenth and eleventh centuries. But on the surface of history, as history is commonly written, the name of Colchester stands out in greater prominence at an earlier and at a later date, in the first century of our æra and in the seventeenth. To most minds Colchester will be the town which was overthrown by Boadicea, and which was taken by Fairfax. The events of the intermediate age have had more direct bearings on the real destinies of the English kingdom and nation; but it is the earlier and later dates which have most firmly fixed themselves in popular memory. And, both at the earlier and at the later date, there is a singular historical connexion between Colchester and the land in which it stands, and a widely distant part of Britain. It seems a wide step indeed from the land of the Silures to the land of the Trinobantes, from Morganwg to Essex, from British Cardiff to Saxon Colchester. And yet there are points of connexion between the two lands and the two spots. Colchester has in its earlier days a privilege

which is shared by no other city or borough of England. The first beginnings of its history are not to be found in British legend or in English annals; they are recorded by the pen of the greatest historian of Rome. It is in the pages of Tacitus himself that we read of the foundation of that veteran colony which, swept away in its first childhood by the revolted Briton, rose again to life, first to be emphatically the Colony of Rome, and to become in after days the fortress which the men of the East-Saxon land wrested by their own swords from the grasp of the invading Dane. But, in the very page in which he records the beginnings of the Trinobantine colony, he brings that colony, into a strange, and at first sight puzzling, connexion with movements in the far Silurian land. Later on in his Annals, he has to record the overthrow of the new-born colony, the first of all the sieges of Colchester. His narrative of that stage of British affairs brings in in its first clause a name which, in legend at least if not in history, is held to be preserved in the name of the greatest fortress of Morganwg. Before Tacitus can tell us how much Suetonius did in the east of Britain, he has first to tell us how little Didius had done in the west. Now this same Didius is, at least by a legendary etymology, said to have given his name to *Caerdydd*, the fortress of Didius, as a more certain etymology sees, in the name of the town where we are met, the name of the fortress of the Colony. If then there be any truth in the popular etymology of Cardiff, the beginnings of Cardiff and of Colchester must be dated from nearly the same time. And, even without trusting too much to

<sup>1</sup> Read at the opening of the Historical Section of the Archaeological Institute at Colchester, August 1st, 1876. Some of the purely personal and local references have been cut short.



so doubtful a legend, we at least find the land of the Silures and the land of the Trinobantes brought close together in our earliest glimpse of both. The foundation of a Roman colony in the east, is directly connected in the narrative of Tacitus with patriotic movements in the west. Alike in the days of Boadicea and in the days of Fairfax, warfare in the Silurian and in the Trinobantine land has to be recorded in the same page. In the royalist revolt of which the fall of Colchester was the last stage, no part of the island took a greater share than the land to which whose earliest revolt Colchester was first founded. When the royal standard was again unfurled at Colchester, it had but lately been hauled down at Chepstow; it was still floating over Pembroke. And one of the fortresses of the land of Morganwg, one of the lowlier castles which surround the proud mound and keep of Robert Fitzhamon, saw perhaps the last encounter in that last stage of the civil war which even local imagination can venture to dignify with the name of battle. The fight of St. Fagans does not rank in English history along with the fights of Marston and Naseby: and the siege of Colchester, with all its deep interest, military, local, and personal, can hardly, in its real bearing on English history, be placed on a level with the siege of Bristol. Yet the siege of Colchester and the war in South Wales were parts of one last and hopeless struggle. The remembrance of its leaguers and skirmishes lives in local memory there as keenly as the last siege of Colchester lives in local memory here. And if the name of Fairfax may be bracketed in the East with the name of Suetonius Paulinus, in the West the name of Oliver Cromwell has left but small room for the memory of Aulus Didius.

Throughout the earliest stage of the history of the two districts their historical connexion is as clear as it is strange. I am not going here to give a complete history of Colchester or of Essex, or to dispute at large on any minute

points of controversy. I presume however that I may at least assume that Camulodunum is Colchester and not any other place, in the kingdom of the East-Saxons or out of it. I feel sure that, if I had any mind so to do, my East-Saxon hearers would not allow me to carry the Colony of the Veterans up to Malton in Yorkshire; and I certainly cannot find any safe or direct road to guide them thither. I trust too that there may be no civil war in the East-Saxon camp, that no one may seek to wile away the veteran band from the banks of Colne to the banks of Panta. Maldon has its own glories: its name lives for ever in the noblest of the battle-songs of England; but I at least can listen to no etymologies which strive to give a Roman origin to its purely English name. Let more minute philologists than I am explain the exact force of the first syllable alike in Northumbrian Malton and in East-Saxon Maldon. Both cannot be contractions of Camulodunum; what one is the other must surely be; one is the town, the other the hill, of whatever the syllable common to both may be taken to be. I at least feel no doubt that it is the town in which we are now met which has the unique privilege of having its earliest days recorded by the hand of Tacitus.

But if it is Tacitus who records the foundation of the colony, it is not in what is left to us of his pages that we find our first mention of the name of Camulodunum. That unlucky gap in his writings, which every scholar has to lament, sends us for the first surviving appearance of the name to the later, but far from contemptible, narrative of Dio. Claudius crossed into Britain, and went as far as Camulodunum, the royal dwelling-place of Cynobellinus. That royal dwelling-place he took, and, on the strength of that and of the other events of his short campaign in the island which men looked on as another world, he enlarged the *pomerium* of Rome and brought the Aventine within the sacred precinct.

Whether the royal dwelling-place of Cynobellinus stood on the site which was so soon to become the Roman colony, I do not profess to determine. The Roman town often arose on a spot near to but not actually on the British site. Roman Dorchester—if any trace of it be left—looked up on the forsaken hill-fort of the Briton on Sinodun. Roman Lindum came nearer to the brink of its steep hill than the British settlement which it supplanted. I do not pretend to rule what may be the date or purpose of the earthworks at Lexden.<sup>1</sup> All that I ask is that I may not be constrained to believe in King Coel's kitchen. But wherever the British settlement was, I cannot bring myself to believe that the site of the colony was other than the site of the present town. It was a site well suited for a military post, fixed on a height which, in this flatter eastern land, is not to be despised; it approaches in some faint measure to the peninsular position of Shrewsbury, Bern, and Besançon. On this site then the Colony of Veterans was founded while Claudius still reigned. When he had taken his place among the gods—Seneca to be sure had another name for the change in him—the temple of the deified conqueror arose within the site which the Roman occupied to hold down the conquered people. And now comes the difficulty, the strange relation in which two such distant parts of Britain as Camulodunum and the land of the Silures appear in the narrative of Tacitus. The Iceni are subdued; the Cangi have their lands harried; the Brigantes submit. But in the East and in the West, by the banks of the eastern and of the western Colne, another spirit reigns. The Silures, the people of Caradoc, still hold out. Neither gentle-

ness nor sternness will move them; nothing short of regular warfare, regular establishment of legionary camps, can bow those stubborn necks to the yoke. With a view to this warfare in the West, the Colony of Veterans is planted in the East. Some have therefore carried Camulodunum elsewhere—though assuredly matters are not much mended by carrying it into Yorkshire—others, more daring still, have sought to depreciate the authority of Tacitus himself. But, as I read the passage, though the connexion is perhaps a little startling, though the wording is perhaps a little harsh, the general meaning seems plain. In order that the legions and their camps might be more easily established among the threatening Silures, a feebler defence was provided for the conquered Trinobantes. As I understand the terse phrases of the historian, the legions were removed from the East for the war with Caradoc, and a colony of veterans was thought enough to occupy a land where little danger was feared. How little danger was feared, how thoroughly the land was held to be subdued, appears from the defenceless state of the colony eleven years after. The colonists lived at their ease, as if in expectation of unbroken peace. The town was un-walled; the only citadel, the "*arx æternæ dominationis*," was the temple of the deified conqueror. The mission of the veterans was less to fight than to civilize their barbarian neighbours. They were sent there indeed as "*subsidiū adversus rebelles*"; but they were sent there also "*imbuendis sociis ad officia legum*." Sterner work than this had to be done among the hills where Caradoc was in arms; but those who founded the unwalled colony hardly dreamed that, before long, work no less stern was to be done there also. They little dreamed what feats of arms were to be done upon the Roman as well as by him, in the land which they had deemed so thoroughly their own that its capital hardly needed warlike defences against an enemy.

For eleven years the colonists lived a

<sup>1</sup> It has been suggested that the extensive earthworks to be seen at Lexden are part of a system which took in the site both of an older and a later Camulodunum, a system belonging to the time of British resistance to Teutonic invasions. They would be a defence raised against the East-Saxons, as Wareham and Wallingford are defences raised against the West-Saxons.

merry life, the life of conquerors settled upon the lands of their victims. The dominion of law which the veterans set up at Camulodunum did not hinder the conquering race from seizing the lands and houses of the natives, and insulting them with the scornful names of slaves and captives. Such doings are not peculiar to the dominion of the Roman; but it does say something for the Roman, as distinguished from the oppressors of our own day, that it is from a Roman historian that we learn the evil deeds of his countrymen. Tacitus neither conceals nor palliates the wrongs which led to the revolt of eastern Britain, as wrongs of the same kind still lead to revolts before our own eyes, as they always will lead to revolts as long as such deeds continue to be done. Crime was avenged by crime, as crime ever will be avenged, till men unlearn that harsh rule which excuses the wanton oppression of the tyrant and bids men lift up their hands in holy horror when his deeds are returned on himself in kind. Fearful indeed was the vengeance of the revolted Briton: but when he used the cross, the stake, the flame, against his oppressors, he was but turning their own instruments of civilization against themselves.

The tale is one of the most familiar, one of the most stirring, in that history of the former possessors of our island which so often passes for the history of ourselves. We see the British heroine, as we might now see some matron of Bosnia or Bulgaria, calling on the men of her race to avenge her own stripes, her outraged daughters, the plundered homes of the chiefs of her people, the kinsfolk of their king dealt with as the bondmen of the stranger. But we are concerned with Boadicea, her wrongs and her vengeance, only as they concerned the Colony of Veterans at Camulodunum. The tale is told with an Homeric wealth of omen and of prodigy. The statue of Victory fell backwards; strange sounds were heard in the theatre and in the senate-house; frantic women

sang aloud that the end was come. The men of the defenceless colony, and the small handful of helpers sent by Catus Decianus, guarded by no ditch or rampart, defended the temple of Claudius for two days till town and temple sank before the assaults of the avengers. So the first Camulodunum fell, in one mighty flame of sacrifice, along with the two other great settlements of the Roman on British ground. London, not adorned like Camulodunum with colonial rank, but already the city of ships, the place where, as in after days, the merchants of the earth were gathered, fell along with the veteran colony. So too fell Verulam, doomed again to arise, again to fall, and to supply out of its ruins the materials for the vastest of surviving English minsters. All fell, as though the power of Rome beyond the ocean was for ever broken. But their fall was but for a moment; the sword of Suetonius won back eastern Britain to the bondage and the slumber of the Roman Peace. The towns that the Britain had burned and harried again arose: a new colony of Camulodunum, this time fenced in with all the skill of Roman engineering, again grew up. It grew up to live on through four unrecorded centuries, carefully marked in maps and Itineraries, but waiting for a second place in history till the days when Roman and Briton had passed away, when the Saxon Shore had become a Saxon shore in another sense from that in which it bears that name in the Domesday of the tottering Empire.

The Roman then passed away from the Colony of Veterans, as he passed away from the rest of Britain. But in the Colony of Veterans he left both his works and his memory behind him. When I say that he left his works, do not fancy that I mean that he left the temple of Claudius behind him. On the grotesque delusion which mistook a Norman castle for a Roman temple I might not have thought it needful to waste a word. Only, when I was last at Colchester, I saw, written up in the castle itself, such names as

"Aduytum," "Podium," and the like, implying that there was still somebody in Colchester who believed the story. Perhaps there was also somebody who believed that the earth was flat, and that the sun was only a few miles from it. The scientific antiquary will give exactly as much attention to the one doctrine as the scientific astronomer will give to the other. Of the two stories I should be more inclined to believe in old King Coel, in his fiddlers, and even in his kitchen. Yet I have come too lately from the Illyrian land, my mind is too full both of its past and of its present history, to let me believe that Helen the mother of Constantine was the daughter of Coel of Colchester. The strange likeness between the names of the river and the settlement, between the *Colne* and the *Colony*, accidental as it doubtless is, is, if not a puzzle, at least a coincidence. But King Coel will be at once sent by the comparative mythologist to the same quarters as Hellén and Romulus and Francus the son of Hector. Saint Helen, says Henry of Huntingdon, surrounded Colchester with walls. So she did many things at Trier which the last and most scientific historian of Trier is pulling to pieces in a way which must grievously shock some of his brethren. I trust then that I shall not shock anybody in Colchester by disbelieving in old King Coel. I do not think that I shocked anybody in Exeter by declining to believe that, when Vespasian marched off to besiege Jerusalem, it was because he was bent upon taking some city, and had found Exeter too strong for him.

But the walls are there, whoever built them, the walls which, at some date between the invasion of Boadicea and the invasion of the first East-Saxon settlers, were raised to shelter the Colony. And even the legend of Helen may be taken as pointing to the age of Constantius and Constantine as the most likely time for their building. Those walls are, as far as I have seen, unique among the inhabited towns of Britain. Neither York nor

Lincoln nor Exeter, nor even Chester, can boast of being still girded by her Roman walls in anything like the same perfection in which Colchester is. Nowhere else in Britain, save in fallen Anderida and Calleva, have I ever seen the line of the old defences so thoroughly complete. But unluckily it is the line only. While the circuit of the walls is so much more perfect than at York and Lincoln, the fragments which still remain at York and Lincoln have kept much more of their ancient masonry than can be found at Colchester. Still Colchester can show far more than can be seen at Chester, where, though the Roman lines are all but as perfectly followed by the later defences, little is left of the actual Roman wall beyond its foundations. As the abiding wall of a still inhabited town, the Roman wall of Colchester is, I repeat, unique in Britain. And a Roman wall I do not scruple to call it. In so calling it, I am far from meaning to rule that the whole circuit of the existing wall actually dates from the time of Roman occupation. I have no doubt that the lines are the Roman lines; I have no doubt that part of the wall is the actual Roman wall. But I have just as little doubt that it has been in many places patched and rebuilt over and over again; one great time above all of patching and rebuilding is recorded in the days of Eadward the Unconquered. But the wall has a higher historic interest, it becomes a more living witness of Roman influence, from the very fact that much of it is not actually of Roman date. This very fact shows, far more clearly, far more strikingly, how the arts and the memory of Rome lived on. Whatever be the date of any part of the walls, they are Roman; they are built *more Romano*. It is at Colchester as it is at Trier, as it is at Perigueux, as it is in a crowd of other places where the influence of Roman models had struck deep. In places of this kind the Roman construction lived on for ages. Here in Colchester we have actual bricks of Roman date in the places where the Roman engineer

laid them. We have bricks of Roman date used up again in the construction of later buildings. And we have bricks, not of Roman date but of thoroughly Roman character, made afresh at all times at least down to the fifteenth century. Here, where brick and timber were of necessity the chief materials for building, the Roman left his mark upon the bricks as in some other parts of Britain he left his mark upon the stones. Northern England reproduced the vast stones of the Roman wall in a crowd of buildings built *more Romano*, with masonry of massive stones. With such stones again, no less *more Romano*, did Æthelstan rebuild the walls of Exeter. Here at Colchester Roman models were no less faithfully followed; but here the *mos Romanus* naturally took the form of brick, and to build *more Romano* meant to build with brick and not with stone. It meant to build with bricks, either taken from some Roman building or cast in close imitation of those which the Roman buildings supplied. In this sense the castle of Eudo Dapifer may be called a Roman building. So may the one tower of Primitive Romanesque to be found in Colchester, which, while other towers of its type are of stone, reproduces in material as well as in form the campaniles of Italy. So may Saint Botolfs priory, second only to Saint Albans as an instance of Roman materials, not so much taught to assume new shapes, as brought back to their true Roman use before Italy began her imitation of the arts of Greece. But the walls are Roman in a yet stricter sense than any of the other buildings around them. They are the old walls of the Colony, in many places patched, in some, we may believe, actually rebuilt. But they have undergone no change which at all destroys their personal identity. The wall is not an imitation, a reproduction, of a Roman wall; it is the Roman wall itself, with such repairs, however extensive, as the effects of time and of warfare have made needful. The walls of Colchester are Roman walls in

the sense in which the walls of Rome are the walls of Aurelian.

We come then to a time when the walls of the Colony were still standing, but when the legions of Rome were no longer marshalled to defend them. Was there ever a time when those walls stood, as the walls of Bath and Chester once stood, as the walls of Anderida and Calleva still stand, with no dwelling-place of men within them? That question I will not undertake to answer. I think I remember that, in one of his scattered papers and lectures—when will they come together to make the History of the English Conquest of Britain?—the great master of those times, the discoverer of early English history, told us that of all the towns of England there was none more likely than Colchester to have been continuously inhabited through British, Roman, British, and English days. If I am right in thinking that Dr. Guest said this, he doubtless had some weighty reason for saying it. I have not myself lighted on any direct evidence either for or against such a proposition. It is only in a very few cases that we have any direct evidence as to the fate of this or that particular town during the progress of the English Conquest. And of the circumstances under which the kingdom of the East-Saxons came into being, we know absolutely nothing. The Chronicles are silent; no legend, no fragment of ancient song, is preserved to us by Henry of Huntingdon. We have nothing but a dry list of princes, and that given, as might seem at first sight, in two contradictory forms. We hear of Æscwine as the first founder of the East-Saxon settlement; we find his remote descendant Sleda spoken of as the first East-Saxon king. In this I see no contradiction. The story of the growth of Essex is doubtless much the same as the story of the growth of East-Anglia and of the two Northumbrian kingdoms. Several scattered Teutonic settlements were gradually united under a more powerful chief; he then deemed himself great enough, as the head of a nation and



no longer the head of a mere tribe, to take upon himself the kingly title. Such was Ida in Bernicia; such, we may believe, was Sleda in Essex. But we have no trustworthy details of the East-Saxons and their kings till their conversion to Christianity in the beginning of the seventh century. We have no trustworthy mention of the town of Colchester till the wars of Eadward the Unconquered in the tenth. All that we can say is that the Colony on the Colne, like the Colony on the Rhine, kept its name. One was Colonia Camulodunum; one was Colonia Agrippina; but *Colonia* was name enough to distinguish either. Latin *Colonia* became British *Caer Collun*; and *Caer Collun* appears in every list as one of the great cities of Britain. British *Caer Collun* passed into English *Colneceaster*, with no change beyond that which the genius of the British and English languages demanded. In British and in English alike it remains the city of the colony. From this preservation of the name I argue, as I have argued in the case of the one English city whose name ends with the title with which the name of Colchester begins, the sister colony of Lindum,<sup>1</sup> that, if Camulodunum ever was, like Deva, "a waste *chester*" it was only for a very short time. I inferred from the fact that Lindum Colonia kept its name in the form of English Lincoln, that, if Lindum Colonia ever lay in the state of a waste *chester*, it was but for a very short time. It was settled again and named again while the memory of its old name and its old rank were still fresh. And I make the same inference in the case of Colchester, though with one degree less of certainty, because I must stand ready to have it thrown in my teeth that the town is called, not from the Roman colony, but from the river Colne. Here is a point on which each man must judge for himself. I cannot get over the succession of *Colonia*, *Caer Collun*, *Colneceaster*. I feel that it

is awkward to say that the likeness of the name of the colony and of the river is purely accidental: it would be more awkward still to hint that the river may have taken its name from the colony. But the colony is a fact; the retention of its name is a fact; and, in the face of those facts, all that I can do is to leave the river to shift for itself.

It seems likely then that, whether Colchester was or was not continuously inhabited through all the revolutions of the fifth and sixth centuries, its time of desolation, if it had any, was but short. If it did not become the dwelling-place of Englishmen in the first moment of their conquest, it at least became the dwelling-place of Englishmen before its British and Roman memories were forgotten. But, as I just now said, of Colchester itself there is absolutely no mention in history between the days of Boadicea to the days of Eadward the Elder. All that I can find is a dark and mythical reference in the story of Haveloc as told by Geoffrey Gaimar. But we must not forget, even within the walls of the colony, that Colchester is not the whole of the East-Saxon realm. Colchester is not a city: it has never been the seat of an independent bishopric. That was because another of the Roman towns which was overthrown by Boadicea, lowlier in rank in those early days, had, by the time that the East-Saxons embraced Christianity, outstripped the veteran colony. London, already the home of commerce before her first overthrow—again, under her new name of *Augusta*, the home of commerce in the later days of Roman power—was now, as an East-Saxon city, the head of the East-Saxon realm, again the home of commerce, the meeting-place of merchants and their ships. London, not Colchester, became the seat of the bishopric of the East-Saxons, and remained so till the strange arrangements of modern ecclesiastical geography gave Colchester a shepherd in the realm of Hengest. But the very greatness which made London the head of the East-Saxon kingdom tended to part London

<sup>1</sup> See Macmillan's Magazine, August 1875, Art "Lindum Colonia."

off from the East-Saxon kingdom. Among the shiftings of the smaller English kingdoms, London seems to have held her own as a distinct power, sometimes acknowledging the supremacy of Mercia, sometimes the supremacy of Wessex, but always keeping somewhat of an independent being. She parts off from the main East-Saxon body; she carries off a fragment of it along with her, to become what we may call a free Imperial city, bearing rule, like Bern or Venice, over her *περίοικον*, her *Unterthanen*, the still subject district of the Middle-Saxons.<sup>1</sup> London therefore soon falls out of our special survey of the East-Saxon land. But the East-Saxon land can number within its borders not a few historic sites besides the towns which Boadicea overthrew. There is the battle-field of Maldon and the battle-field of Assandún; there is the wooden church of Greenstead where Saint Eadmund rested; there is Earl Harold's Waltham and King Eadward's Havering; there is Barking, where the Conqueror waited while his first tower was rising over London, where Eadwine and Morkere and perhaps Waltheof himself became the men of the stranger, and where Englishmen first bought back their lands at a price as a grant from the foreign King. The East-Saxon land has thus its full share among the great events of our early history; but the history of the kingdom itself, as a kingdom, fills no great place in our annals. Essex supplied no Bretwalda to bring the signs of Imperial dignity to London or Colchester as Eadwine brought them to York. After some flittings to and fro, Essex passed, like the other English kingdoms, under the supremacy of Ecgberht, and by the division between Ælfred and Guthrum, it passed under the rule of the Dane. It is in the great struggle of the next reign that Essex, and especially its two great

historic sites of Colchester and Maldon, stand forth for a moment as the centre of English history, as the scene of some of the most gallant exploits in our early annals, exploits which seem to have had a lasting effect on the destinies of the English kingdom.

It was in the year 913, the thirteenth year of Eadward's reign, the year after he had taken possession of London and Oxford, that we hear for the first time of a solitary East-Saxon expedition. Eadward marched to Maldon; he stayed there till he had built a fortress at Witham, and had received the submission of many who had been under Danish rule. This sounds like the emancipation of all Essex south of the Panta or Blackwater. Our next notice is nine years later, after Eadward and his sister, the Lady of the Mercians, had won back most of the central part of the island to English and Christian rule. We now again find Eadward carrying his sphere of operations into the East-Saxon land. He first fortified Maldon, the goal of his former march, the borough which seventy-three years later was to behold the valour and the death of Brihtnoth. But Colchester was still left in the hands of the enemy. The next year the Danes again broke the peace; and, during the whole former part of the year, fighting went on in central England between the Danes and the defenders of the various towns which King Eadward had already fortified. At Towcester, at Bedford, and elsewhere, the English defenders drove off the Danish invaders from King Eadward's new fortresses. Towcester was not yet surrounded by the stone wall which girded it before the year was out; but the valour of its defenders, fighting, we may suppose, behind a palisade or rampart of earth, was enough to bear up till help came and the enemy was driven away. During all this stage of the campaign, the warfare seems to be purely local. The Danes attack, the English defend; there is no mention of the King or of any royal army. Presently the tables

<sup>1</sup> Middlesex must be looked on as a district subject to the city of London so long as it neither chooses its own sheriffs nor receives them from the central power of the kingdom, but has to take such sheriffs as the city of London thinks good to give it.

are turned ; the local force of various English districts begins to attack posts which the Danes still held among them. And now comes our first distinct mention of warfare on East-Saxon soil. Colchester is still held by the enemy, Maldon is held by King Eadward's garrison. The tale cannot be so well told as in the language of the chronicle :—"There gathered mickle-folk on harvest, either of Kent and of Surrey and of East-Saxons, and of each of the nighest boroughs, and fared to Colchester, and beset the borough all round<sup>1</sup> and there fought till they had won it and the folk all slew, and took all that there within was, but the men that there fled over the wall." Colchester was thus again an English borough, won, as it would seem, by the force of a popular movement among the men of Essex and the neighbouring shires, without any help from the West-Saxon king. Then, in the same harvest, the Danes of East Anglia, strengthened by vikings from beyond sea, set forth to attack the English garrison in Maldon. In the words of the Chronicler, "they beset the borough all round, and fought there till to the borough-folk there came more force from without to help them, and the host forsook the borough, and fared away from it ; and then fared the men after out of the borough, and eke they that had come to them for out to help, and put the host to flight, and slew of them many hundred either the *ashmen*<sup>2</sup> and others." Thus, of the two great points in the East-Saxon land, Colchester was won, Maldon was kept, and that without any help from the king. Local energy had done so much that, when shortly the unconquered king came with his West-Saxon army, his march was little more than a triumphal progress. He came to Towcester ; he girded the town with its stone wall, and received the

submission of Northamptonshire. He marched to Huntingdon ; he strengthened the fortress, and received the submission of the surrounding country. Then comes the fact which immediately concerns us here. That "ilk year afore Martinmas fared Eadward king with West-Saxons' fyrd to Colneceaster, and repaired the borough and made it new there where it tobroken was." Here then we have a distinct record of damage done and of damage repaired in the circuit of the walls of Colchester. Part of the wall was broken down in the siege, and the breach was repaired on the King's coming. It would be pleasant if we could tell, amongst the many bricks of various dates which are to be seen in the walls of Colchester, those bricks which were set in their place at the bidding of the founder of the English kingdom, and not by any earlier or later hand. If we can find the site of the breach which Englishmen made in winning Colchester from the Dane, Englishmen may look on that spot in the Roman wall with the same eyes with which all Europe looks on that spot in the wall of Aurelian where the newest bricks of all tell us where the army of united Italy entered her capital.

But the two great East-Saxon sieges of this memorable year have more than a local interest. They were the last warfare of the reign of the Unconquered King. After Colchester was won and Maldon saved, no sword was drawn against Eadward and his dominion. The rest of his reign is one record of submissions on the part of his enemies. At Colchester itself the men of East-Anglia and Essex, who had been under Danish rule, first bow to him ; then comes the submission of the Danish host itself ; then that of all Mercia ; then that of all North Wales. The realm of the West-Saxon king now reaches to the Humber. Northumberland, Strathclyde, Scotland, have as yet been untouched by his arms or his policy. But next comes the great day of all,

<sup>1</sup> Such I take to be the force of "ymbseton" which is said both of Colchester and of Maldon, as distinguished from "beseton" which is said of Tempsford.

<sup>2</sup> The men of the ships, the vikings.

the crowning-point of West-Saxon triumph, when the King of Scots and all the people of Scots, and Ragnold and Eadwulf's son, and all that were in Northumberland, Angles, Danes, Northmen, or any other, and eke the King of Strathclyde Welsh, and all the Strathclyde Welsh, bowed to Eadward at Bakewell, and sought him to father and lord. The fights on East-Saxon ground, the storm of Colchester, the defence of Maldon, had taught the whole world of Britain that Eadward and his people were not to be withstood. The gallant gathering of the men of Essex, Kent, and Surrey had led to the establishment of an English kingdom bounded only by the Humber, of an English Empire bounded only by the Northern sea.

Thus two East-Saxon sites, one of them our present place of meeting, have won for themselves a foremost place in that struggle with the Dane which welded England into a single kingdom. And one of those sites joins again with a third whose name we have not yet heard to form another pair no less memorable in the struggle which gave the united kingdom of England into the hands of a Danish king. If the days of Colchester and Maldon stand forth among the brightest days of English victory, so Maldon and Assandûn stand out among the saddest yet noblest days of English overthrow. Our last East-Saxon memory showed us the invading Dane flying from before the walls of Maldon; our next East-Saxon memory shows us the Dane victorious in the hard hand-play, and the Ealdorman of the land dying in defence of the Saxon shore. The fight by the Panta, the fight where Brihtnoth fell, lives in that glorious battle-song which, were it in any tongue but the native speech of Englishmen, would have won its place alongside of the battle-songs of ancient Hellas. The song is plainly local and contemporary; it comes straight from the soul of the East-Saxon gleeman of the tenth century. It is something to stand on the spot and to call up the picture of the valiant Ealdorman, lighting from his horse among

his faithful hearth-band, marshalling his men in the thick array of the shield-wall, refusing to pay tribute to the wiking, and telling them that point and edge shall judge between them. Then we see the dauntless three who kept the bridge, Wulfstan, Ælfhere, and Maccus—Wulfstan the Horatius, his comrades the Lartius and Herminius, of the fight in which the legend of the Tiber was repeated in sober truth by East-Saxon Panta. Yet among the crowds to whom the legends of distant lands are as household words, how few have ever heard the names of the true heroes of our own soil. Then Brihtnoth, in his "overmood," in his excess of daring and lofty spirit, allows the enemy to pass the water: then comes the fight itself, the Homeric exploits on either side; the death-wound of Brihtnoth and his last prayer; the dastardly flight of Godric on the horse of his fallen lord, the fight over the body of the slain chief; the self-devotion of the true companions who in death are not divided, as they lie "thegn-like" around their lord, their Earl and ring-giver. No tale is told with more spirit, no tale sets better before us that great feature of old Teutonic, and indeed of old Aryan, life, the personal and sacred tie which bound a man to the lord of his own seeking. But the men who fought on that day were Englishmen; the tongue in which their deeds were sung was English; their deeds are therefore forgotten, and the song which tells of them sounds in the ears of their children like the stammering speech of an unknown tongue.

But if the banks of Panta saw the glorious death of the local East-Saxon chief, the banks of another East-Saxon estuary saw, not indeed the death but the last struggle, of the champion, not only of Essex, but of all England. The fight of Maldon is handed down to us in the glowing strains of native song; the song which told of the fight of Assandûn has perished: we have only feeble echoes preserved to us in the Latin pages of the historian who has kept so many such precious fragments

from the song of *Anderida* to the song of *Stamfordbridge*. As to the site of *Assandún* I will not enter on any discussion; I think no one will doubt about it who has been there. There is the hill on which *Eadmund Ironside* marshalled his army for the last battle, the hill down whose slope he rushed with his sword, as the faint echo of the ballad tells us, like the lightning-flash, leaving in his charge the royal post between the Standard and the West-Saxon Dragon, and fighting hand to hand in the foremost rank of his warriors. We hear from the other side how the Raven of Denmark had already fluttered its wings for victory; but it was only through *Eadric's* treason—treason which no effort of ingenious advocacy can wipe out from the pages which record it—that *Eadmund*, in the sixth battle of that great year, found himself for the first time defeated. The spot which saw *Cnut's* victory over all England saw also a few years later his offering in his new character of an English King. Then arose the joint work of *Cnut* and *Thurkill*, the minster of stone and lime, whose material was as much to be noted in the timber land of *Essex* as the material of the wooden basilica of *Glastonbury* was to be noted among the rich stone-quarries of *Somerset*. Of that minster the first priest was *Stigand*, the man who won his first lowly promotion at the hands of the Dane, and who lived to be hurled from the metropolitan throne at the bidding of the Norman.

But the East-Saxon land contains a memorial of those times more precious even than the memories of *Maldon* and *Assandún*, a memorial too which forms a special tie between Eastern and Western England. It was on East-Saxon soil, just within the East-Saxon border, on the spot to which the willing oxen drew the Holy Cross of *Lutgaresbury* from the place of its first finding in the West, that *Tofig* first cleared the wild forest, that he first reared the minster of *Waltham* in its earlier and lowlier form, and gathered round it a band of

pilgrims and devotees who changed the wilderness into a dwelling place of man. It was on that spot that *Earl Harold*, patron of the secular clergy in the most monastic period of our history, patron of learning in a day when the light of English literature seemed almost to have died away, enlarged the church and the foundation of *Tofig*. It was for the good of this spot that he sought in lands beyond the sea, in the kindred land with which England had exchanged so many worthies—the land to which she had given *Ealhwine*, and whence she had received *Old-Saxon John*—for men to help him in the work which he had planned for the weal of *Waltham* and of England. It was there that the doomed King, marching forth to the great strife for his land and people, went to make his last prayers and to offer his last gifts, and it was there that, as men of his own day believed, he received that awful warning which led his faithful bedesmen to his last field, standing afar that they might see the end. It was there, in his own minster, that his bones, translated from their earlier South-Saxon resting-place, lay as the most precious among his gifts to the house which he had founded. And it was there, when his foundation had been changed to another form, when a choir in a new style of art had risen over his tomb, that the greatest of his successors, the first of a new line of English kings, lay for a moment by his side. The choir of *Waltham* has perished along with the choir of *Battle*; the place of *Harold's* tomb, like the place of *Harold's* standard, again lies open to the day; but if the East-Saxon land had nothing to boast of beside the unmarked spot where *Harold* and *Edward* met in death, that alone would place the shire where *Waltham* stands among the most historic shires of England.

Among his other possessions in all parts of England, *Earl Harold* held four houses in *Colchester*. This fact, I need not say, comes from the *Domesday Survey*, which tells us how those houses had passed away to the abbey of



Westminster. The Domesday of Essex is very full, Essex being one of the three eastern shires of which we have only the first and fuller account, while in most of the other shires we have only the shorter form which is found in the first volume of the Exchequer Domesday.<sup>1</sup> Essex was one of those shires which came into the possession of the Conqueror, not indeed, like Sussex and Kent, immediately after the great battle, but immediately after the submission at Berkhamstead. Like Kent and Sussex, its men had been in their place in the battle, and it became subject to a confiscation only less sweeping than that of Kent and Sussex. We do not find in Essex, as we do in many other shires, either one or two English landowners still keeping great estates, or a whole crowd of them keeping smaller estates. A few entries of English names towards the end of the record are all. We hear of no revolts in Essex after the coronation of William; the strength of the shire, like the strength of Kent and Sussex, must have been cut off on Senlac, and no foreign prince offered himself as deliverer to the men of Essex as Eustace of Boulogne offered himself to the men of Kent. Still there must have been some confiscations in Essex later than the time of the redemption of lands: for the penalty had fallen on one of the very commissioners by whom the redemption was carried out.<sup>2</sup> Engelric, who must have played much the same part in Essex which Thurkill played in Warwickshire and Wiggod in Berkshire, as the Englishman who, by whatever means, rose high in William's favour, had fallen from his high estate before the Survey was made. Another man, English by birth though not by descent, Swegen the son of

Robert, who took the name of the shire as a surname, he whose father had stood by the death-bed of Eadward and had counselled William on his landing to get him back to his own duchy, still kept great estates; but he had lost his office of Sheriff. Most of the familiar names of the Conquest appear in Essex as well as elsewhere; but the East-Saxon shire enjoys a singular privilege in not having had an acre of its soil handed over to the Conqueror's rapacious brother, Count Robert of Mortain. But Bishop Odo is there and Count Alan, and the Count of Eu, and William of Warren and Hugh of Montfort, and many another name of those who found their reward in almost every shire of England. Among the names specially connected with the district stand out Geoffrey of Mandeville, father of a line of East-Saxon Earls, Ralph Baynard whose name lives in London city, and the names specially belonging to Colchester, Hamo and Eudo. Of Colchester itself the record in the Survey is one of the fullest among the boroughs of England. It ought to be fully illustrated by some one who to minute local knowledge adds the power of comparing what the Survey tells us about Essex and Colchester with what it tells us about other shires and boroughs. A general historian from a distance cannot do this; a dull local antiquary cannot do it; it needs a man on the spot who knows the ins and outs of the land, but who also understands historical criticism, and who knows something of other parts of England as well as of his own.

The Survey gives us no such precious notices of the municipal constitution of Colchester as it gives us of the municipal constitution of Lincoln, Cambridge, and Stamford. Colchester had been held by the Danes; but they had been driven out too soon and too thoroughly to allow of the formation of a patriciate of Danish *lauremen*. But we see the burgesses of Colchester already forming a recognized body, holding common lands,

<sup>1</sup> The discovery of the *Inquisitio Comitatus Cantabrigie*, lately published by Mr. N. E. S. A. Hamilton, gives us another shire of which we have both the fuller and the abridged account.

<sup>2</sup> See *History of the Norman Conquest*, vol. iv., p. 26., 725.

and claiming other common lands as having been unjustly taken from them. We specially see them holding the land for a certain distance round the walls. The walls are thus distinctly recorded in the Survey; but there is no mention of the castle. There is therefore no entry of the destruction of houses to make room for the castle, such as we find in many other English towns. A long list is given of English burgesses who kept their houses, followed by a list of possessions within the borough which had passed into the hands of Norman owners. Among these, of course, appear the *Dapiferi*, Eudo and Hamo, and about the latter there is an entry of special interest. Whatever Hamo held had been held in the days of King Eadward by his English *antecessor* Thurbearn. First Thurbearn, and then Hamo, besides a house, had a "curia," a rare word whose use I do not fully understand. And this "curia" seems, I know not on what ground, to be identified with an existing house which keeps portions of Romanesque date. The first entry of all is also one of a good deal of interest, as marking the subdivision of property in Old-English times. The houses and other property of Godric—one of the many bearers of one of the commonest of English names—had been divided among his four sons. They had died on Senlac, or had otherwise brought themselves under the displeasure of the Conqueror. Of the four parts of Godric's property the king held two; Count Eustace had the third, and John the son of Waleran the fourth. The church of which Godric was patron had passed whole to Count Eustace; but his mill—a most important possession, and one always accurately noted in the Survey—was carefully divided.

Another point to be noticed in the Survey of Colchester is that the borough had clearly been, before the coming of William, allowed to make a money composition for military service in the *fyrd*. In many towns Domesday records the number of men which the

town was to find when the King made an expedition by sea or land. Instead of this, we find at Colchester a payment of sixpence from each house for the keep of the King's *soldarii* or mercenaries, that is doubtless the housecarls. It is possible that we have here the key to the fact that so many English burgesses of Colchester remained undisturbed by the Conqueror. The borough, as a community, had served King Harold, not with men but with money. Possibly it had not served King Harold at all, as the last yearly payment may have been made before the day on which King Eadward was alive and dead. In either case, it would have been hard, even for the astuteness of William's legal mind, to turn this payment of a customary royal due into an act of constructive treason against the Norman claimant of the crown. The community then, as a community, was guiltless, and fared accordingly. But volunteers from Colchester, as well as from other places, had doubtless flocked to the Standard of the Fighting Man; and they, whether dead or alive, paid the forfeit of their patriotism.

Here is a point which touches the general history of England. There are other curious entries with regard to the customs of Colchester which I leave to local inquirers to expound to us. I pass to the ecclesiastical history. The Survey mentions several churches; but there clearly was no great ecclesiastical foundation, either secular or religious, within the walls of Colchester. The two religious foundations which have given Colchester an ecclesiastical name arose after the taking of the Survey and beyond the ancient walls. They arose on the south side of the town, the side away from the river, a fact which accounts for the way in which the inhabited town of Colchester has spread itself. While on the northern side void spaces have arisen within the walls, houses have grown on the south side round the priory and the abbey, covering a large space which lies outside alike of Roman

Camulodunum and of Old-English Colchester. The great abbey of Saint John, the foundation of Eudo, rose on a height opposite that on which the town itself stands; the priory of Saint Julian and Saint Botolf rose between the heights on the low ground just below the hill of Camulodunum. The history of Eudo's foundation is told in a document in the Monasticon which, in all points bearing on general history is highly mythical. Eudo's father, Hubert of Rye, is a well-known man, he who sheltered William on his perilous ride from Valognes before the fight of Val-ès-dunes. But the embassies on which Hubert is sent between William and Eadward simply take their place among the Norman legends of the Conquest. There is also a very mythical air about the extraordinary importance in securing the succession to William Rufus which the local story assigns to Eudo. We may however accept the purely local parts of the tale. Eudo's special position at Colchester, by whatever name we are to call it, appears in the story as the gift, not of William the Great but of William the Red. This at once falls in with the absence of all mention of the castle in Domesday. The castle was not one of the castles of the Conqueror; that vast pile, so widely differing in its outline from the towers of London and Rochester, was clearly a work of Eudo, a work dating from the reign of the second William and not the first. The abbey again gives us in its last days one of the ties which connect the East of England and the West. John Beche, last Abbot of Colchester, was one of the three prelates who refused to betray their trust. He was a sharer in the martyrdom of Richard Whiting on the Tor of Glastonbury.

The great Benedictine abbey began in the later days of Rufus; the priory of Austin canons began a little later in the early years of Henry the First. It boasted the Lion of Justice himself among its benefactors, as appears by his charter dated while Queen Matilda and Bishop Robert Bloet of Lincoln

were still living. The abbey, like that of Shrewsbury, arose on a spot where had stood the wooden church of the English priest Sigeric. Of the material of the new building the local history does not speak; the foundation stones whose laying it records are quite consistent with a superstructure of brick. Saint Botolfs, we all know, is built *more Romano, more Camulodunensi*, of bricks which are none the less Roman, even if some of them may have passed through the kiln in the twelfth century. So it is with Eudo's castle also, though there brick is not so exclusively the material. The colony, like its metropolis, remained in all ages and under all masters emphatically a city of brick, and happily no one has been found to change it into a city of marble.

I have now reached the point at which I commonly find it expedient to bring discourses of this kind to an end. But at Colchester I must follow another rule, as in some degree I did at Exeter.<sup>1</sup> The place of Exeter in English history would be imperfectly dealt with, if we did not bring the entry of William the Conqueror into its obvious contrast with the entry of William the Deliverer. So at Colchester I cannot bring myself to stop at the days of William the Red. I must leap over a few centuries. To many the scene which the name of Colchester first calls up will be the scene which followed the last siege, the day when Lucas and Lisle died on the green between the Norman castle and the Roman wall. I have already pointed out that there is, in some sort, an analogy between the beginning and the ending of Colchester history, between the warfare of Boadicea and the warfare of Fairfax. It is hardly allowed to me here to speak as freely of Fairfax as I can of Boadicea. Of Eudo the Dapifer I can perhaps speak more freely than of either. The strife of the seventeenth century is so closely connected with modern con-

<sup>1</sup> See *Macmillan's Magazine*, September 1873. "The Place of Exeter in English History."

troversies and modern party-feelings that it cannot be made purely archæological ground like the strifes of the first century or of the eleventh. I perhaps need hardly tell you that my own personal feelings go with the side of Fairfax, though I trust that I am fully able to understand and to honour all that was good and highminded and self-sacrificing on the side of his enemies. But in summing up the last stage in the long life of this historic town, I must call attention to one or two obvious facts which are apt to be forgotten in forming an estimate of that great piece of local history. Remember then that the warfare of which the siege of Colchester forms the last and the most striking scene was a warfare wholly distinct from the earlier warfare of Edge-hill and Naseby. Colchester was not a fortress which had held out for the royal cause ever since the royal standard was first upreared at Nottingham. During the whole of the first war, Colchester and Essex were hardly touched. The men of Colchester were strong for the Parliament, and they had shown their zeal, a little too fiercely perhaps, against their royalist neighbours at the abbey. The royalist movement of 1648, alike in Essex, in Kent, and in South Wales, was in the strictest sense a revolt, a rising against an existing state of things. Whether that revolt was to be praised or to be condemned; it is a simple fact that the enterprise of the Earl of Norwich and Lord Capel was not a continuation of the war which began at Nottingham, but a wholly new war of their own levying. Before Colchester was besieged by Fairfax, it had in truth to be besieged, though only for a moment, by those who presently became its defenders. Again be it remembered that, in the execution of Lisle and Lucas, Fairfax went on perfectly good technical grounds. They had been prisoners of war, and had given their word of honour never again to serve against the Parliament. I am far from insisting with any undue severity on the obligations of such promises as this. It is a question of casuistry

whether such a purely military promise should or should not keep a man back from an enterprise to which he deems that loyalty or patriotism calls him. But, as a matter of military law, his life is fairly forfeit; the man who has been set free on certain conditions cannot complain if the sternest measure is meted out to him when he breaks those conditions. The military justice of Fairfax touched those only whose breach of military honour had fairly brought them within its reach. The escape of Norwich, the execution of Capel—Capel, a man worth Norwich, Lucas, and Lisle all put together—were the work of another power in which Fairfax had no share. Whatever may be thought of the political or personal conduct of either of the two lords, there was no stain on their military honour. The General therefore did not take on himself to judge men who, whatever they were in the eye of the law, were on the field of battle entitled to the treatment of honourable enemies. But, "in satisfaction of military justice," he let the laws of war take their course on men who, whatever may be pleaded in their behalf on other grounds, had, by the laws of war, lost all technical claim to honourable treatment.<sup>1</sup>

One point more there is which brings the last siege of Colchester into direct connexion with earlier times. The site of Saint John's abbey, the house of Lord Lucas within or close to its precinct, play an important part in the siege. The gateway, occupied by the insurgents, was stormed by the parliamentary forces, and doubtless whatever other remains of the abbey were left at the Dissolution, now perished. Saint Botolfs too, standing immediately between the batteries of the besiegers and the walls of the town, was exposed to the fire of both sides, and became in that siege the ruin which we now see it.

<sup>1</sup> The case of Lucas and Lisle has been fully gone into by Mr. Clements Markham in the *Fortnightly Review*, September 1876.

I have now brought my tale, and that by somewhat of a bound in its last stage, to its latest point. I have tried to sketch out the chief grounds on which the shire of Essex, and, above all, the town of Colchester, are entitled to a high place among the shires and towns of England. It is for others, with more of local knowledge, to fill up that sketch in detail. I have exhausted nothing; I stand in the way of no one who has specially mastered any portion of East-Saxon history. In the days of Boadicea and in the days of Fairfax I may even be deemed an intruder. But I am no less ready to invite every help, to welcome every light, on the times in which I may say that I myself have lived. That I have lived in those times makes me know perhaps better than other men how much there is still to be found out, how many things in them there are that to me at least are grievous puzzles. The greatest of English scholars, once a dweller in the East-Saxon shire, has made the history of the Holy Cross of Waltham plain to all men. But we still need a worthy commentator on the Song of Maldon. Even in those parts of the tale at which I have specially

worked, I feel, better perhaps than others, how much I have left uncertain, how much there still is for others to fix by the light of sound and sober historic criticism. But, in any case, there is no part of the Isle of Britain in which one who has lived in the tenth and eleventh centuries feels more at home than within the walls which felt the repairing hand of Eadward the Unconquered, in the land which beheld the exploits and the death of Brihtnoth, the land where Eadmund fought the last fight of the year of battles, the land where Harold knelt before the relic which was brought from the green hill of Montacute, the land to which he himself was borne from the craggy hill of Hastings. It is something that the hero of England should be in this way a common possession of the three branches of the great Saxon colony, that the Saxon of the West, the South, and the East, should be all bound together, as by a threefold tie, by the presence among them in life or death of the last king of the old stock, the king who died on Senlac and who no longer sleeps at Waltham.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.



# LINES ON A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

ALL-GOLDEN is her virgin head,  
 Her cheek a bloomy rose,  
 Carnation-bright the fluttering red  
 That o'er it softly flows,  
 But neither gem nor floweret vies  
 With that clear wonder of her eyes

But twice hath hue like theirs been given  
 To be beheld of me,  
 And once 'twas in the twilight heaven,  
 Once in the summer sea;  
 A yearning gladness thence was born,  
 A dream delightful and forlorn.

For once in heaven a single star  
 Lay in a light unknown,—  
 A tender tint, more lucid far  
 Than all that eve had shown,—  
 It seemed between the gold and gray  
 The far dawn of a faery day.

And once where ocean's depth divine  
 O'er silvern sands was hung,  
 Gleamed in the half-lit hyaline  
 The hope no song has sung,—  
 The memory of a world more fair  
 Than all our blazing wealth of air.

For dear though earthly days may flow,  
 Our dream is dearer yet ;—  
 How little is the life we know  
 To life that we forget !—  
 Till in a maiden's eyes we see  
 What once hath been, what still shall be.

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

### "THOROUGH RESTORATION."

Two English travellers resting on the hot sand near a ruined temple in a far country, last winter, fancied at the same moment that they heard a church bell toll. I cannot say what caused the sound. But something of the kind they heard, and it set them thinking of home; and one of them said to the other, "If I reach England alive, I will spend a happy summer Sunday at B——. I will go and see the charity children filing up the street to church; I will go and see the squire asleep in his Elizabethan gallery; I will go and look at the monuments of my ancestors in the chancel and their gravestones on the floor; I will try to reconstruct the windows from the fragments of old glass; and I will take copies of some of the quaint epitaphs, and read a verse or two out of the chained book, and give the clerk half-a-crown; and, in short, I will thoroughly enjoy myself, for I have not been there for twenty years."

"At B—— did you say?" asked his companion.

"Yes; you know it's one of those churches which every age since the Confessor's has left its mark on. There is a bit of herring-bone work in the nave wall, and a Norman north doorway and a Norman arch across the tower. The east windows are Early lancets, and the clerestory is Decorated, and the roof of the chancel is Perpendicular. And there is a tablet over the door setting forth the grief of the parish at the death of Queen Elizabeth, who had twice passed through it in her progresses, and the joy at the peaceable accession of James I.—an echo in fact of the dedication of the Bible. Then there is a magnificently-carved beam across the nave, giving the names of the churchwardens who repaired and beautified the church after the late

unhappy commotions in 1662. And there is a great picture of the arms of William III., painted on an orange ground, and a lovely Queen Anne arcade of polished oak along the side chapel, and a wonderful classical monument and some tablets at the end of the north aisle; and, in short, the church, which was Romanesque, when Romanesque was the only style known, survived to be Romanesque in part again when it was revived; but the best thing about it is that it remains as nearly as possible what it was, and you can trace the history of architecture in England back for a thousand years by merely walking round it."

"My dear fellow," said his companion a second time, "did you say B—— church?"

"Yes; have you ever been there?"

"Often, but I saw none of this. The church was restored three years ago. The windows are all Early English. The pulpit is Early English too, with Italian features. There are no gravestones in the aisle. It is covered with shiny tiles, and is awfully cold, I assure you. And I saw no epitaphs of your ancestors, though, now I think of it, I did pick up a little bit of broken stone on the gravel walk with your name on it. There was no Queen Anne carving. The church has been restored, you know."

"But that does not mean destroyed, does it?"

"I don't know, but it's what I always see where churches are restored. I did not see any monuments, either of your people or any others, in the chancel. But some one said they had taken all such heathen carvings and emblems and put them behind the organ, in the tower. And the roof of the nave, I distinctly remember, had no carved beams. On the contrary, it

is covered with a barrel vault in wood, and painted with the months from an Anglo-Saxon Psalter; frightfully grotesque I thought the figures; far more so, I am certain, than the originals. And Queen Elizabeth's tablet, I heard some story about it. The architect's men mistook their orders, and broke it up, I believe. Anyway, it has disappeared, and all the oak panelling. You see it was of no use. They would have low, open seats, and no pews; and they sent to London and got them wonderfully cheap. They are in deal, made by machinery, and stained, so that you would hardly know it. By the way, they found a lot of brasses under the old pews; I saw them myself at the vicarage; but the last time I was there they had been sold to a tinker by the cook through some mistake; and the vicar was lamenting he had never read them or had them copied. But I assure you it's a beautiful church now, and looks as new as if it had been built a month ago. And they have abolished the clerk and the charity children, and have a surpliced choir and a verger in a black gown. I should like to see you offer him half-a-crown. They got 40*l.* towards the restoration by selling the old Bible with its chain. The windows are filled with red and blue glass, and I am told they are very fine, but they dazzled my eyes, and were very dark besides, for there was none of the white glass you see in old windows. But really it's very handsome, and looks almost as well as the great new church they built last year at the railway works. Of course the architect who did the work was a good deal hampered with the inconvenient arrangement of the old church, but he struggled manfully against it, and I heard him say at the luncheon, after the re-opening, that he had constantly remembered the church was for the living, not for the dead, and that he had never let any mere sentimental prejudice in favour of antiquity interfere with the performance of his duty."

It may perhaps be objected that the

case thus discussed was an extreme one, and that such vandalisms are uncommon. If a parish church or a cathedral church is to be kept in full working repair, to be used weekly or daily by a modern congregation, it is necessary that repairs should be continuously carried on. When this process has gone on for many hundred years, it is impossible but that incongruities of design must arise. To this very incongruity we owe the picturesqueness of many of our ancient churches. An architect's design is seldom—I had almost said never—picturesque. It cannot be in the nature of things. Incongruity in a new design would be very unpleasant. But two or more designs, disagreeing wholly with each other, may be presented side by side in such a way as to produce a very pleasant effect. And this effect is most often due to the softening hand of time, which clothes the Georgian brickwork and the Norman rubble alike with its hoary veil, and spreads its lichens and its ivy impartially over the Perpendicular battlement and the Jacobean balustrade.

It becomes then a question how far an architect is justified in meddling with this delicate charm. Once destroyed, it cannot be replaced. Five hundred years will not give back the bloom which was wiped off the entrance tower at Lambeth a few months ago. And considering how willingly architects, with a few remarkable exceptions, have attacked the picturesqueness of our ancient buildings, it becomes a further question what we have gained in lieu of it. I confine my remarks for the most part to our churches. I go here and there through England without any special system, except that the neighbourhood of London attracts more of my attention than any other part of the country. And I constantly ask, What has this parish church or that cathedral gained in stability or convenience to justify its recent restoration?

I do not wish to be understood as making any attack on architects indi-

vidually or as a body. My acquaintance among them is very limited, and includes, I am glad to say, a majority to whom so-called restorations are distasteful. But as an Englishman I observe that within my own recollection we have made a tremendous sacrifice in England for the good of our Church. We have laid out a sum of money which I have heard estimated at 20,000,000*l.* And we have freely given up in addition what many of us valued beyond all price, the picturesque and the venerable associations which for thirty generations have grown up around our churches where our forefathers worshipped, whose walls were covered with their monuments, whose every stone carried its own burden of old memories, historical or biographical, until it has often seemed as if one single parish church, did we but know its story, contains in a fossil form traces of every political change which has passed over our country in a thousand years. To touch such a building is dangerous work. We sometimes think a great park full of fine trees might have been better laid out at first, but now the oak avenues have come to maturity, who would dream of cutting them down because they do not square with the gate? The flower garden, however well designed, does not look pretty until the plants have here and there overgrown their borders. A drawing-room, however carefully planned and furnished, does not look comfortable till there is an open work-box on the table, and a few books have been scattered about.

Now, supposing a church "thoroughly restored," to use the ordinary phrase, is it possible to feel the enthusiasm about it which is excited by even the most tumble-down old chapel, where nothing has been disturbed? Do the poor of the parish, for example, like the new church as well as the old one? Do they feel as much at home in it? I ask these questions, as I have asked others above, without any intention of offering to supply answers for them.

As to the mere question of beauty, does an artist, or even an architect, ever sit down to sketch a "thoroughly restored" church?

If we look into such a book as Mr. Thorne's *Handbook to the Environs of London* for examples, or into any other book of the kind, we see, in a quiet way, that to people of cultivation, and people who seek for beauty in common things, the recent works are not pleasing. Let me take a few instances from Mr. Thorne, chiefly because I have verified the truth of his remarks. He seldom indulges in more than a "but" of disapproval, and is impartially ready to praise improvements. We may go alphabetically through the names in his two volumes and see what has been done.

At Abbot's Langley, the nail-head mouldings have been rechiselled. At Ashted the ancient church "has been modernized in the restoration." The old carving in Beddington Church has been rechiselled. The church of Little Berkhamstead, "is Early English, but was restored and refaced with stone in 1856, and is of little interest." Bexley Church "has been much altered, and is of little interest." This sentence occurs again and again. At Brasted the church "becoming dilapidated was pulled down, except the tower, and 'restored,' i.e. rebuilt, and a north aisle added in 1865-66." The only object of antiquity in Bushey is the church. It was until 1871, "sadly patched, covered with rough cast, and held up by clumsy brick buttresses, though not unpicturesque." It has since undergone a "thorough renovation;" the plaster was removed; "all incongruities were swept away, and the exterior made to present a uniform surface of flint and stone." I forbear comment on this example, but can answer for the correctness of Mr. Thorne's account, and for the uninteresting result of the restoration.

I have not yet got to the letter C, and already what a catalogue! To save time, I will only go on with a few of the more remarkable examples.

Chelsham in Surry had a very curious old church, with some very "characteristic features." They have all been restored, and Mr. Thorne is obliged to warn the tourist that "all that looks characteristic is new work, not old." Chislehurst Church was "virtually rebuilt" under the name of restoration in 1849. At Dartford the brasses have all—there were ten of them according to Haines—been removed from the floor and placed on the walls. At Eton College Chapel a terrible vandalism was perpetrated. During the restoration, which went on for twelve years, there was exposed a double row of very remarkable mural paintings in oil beneath the windows on each side of the chapel. They represented the miracles of the Virgin, and no doubt formed part of the original decorations of the chapel. Their refined style and execution pointed to an Italian origin. "But unhappily the subjects and mode of treatment made their retention inadmissible in a Protestant Church," says Mr. Thorne; "the upper row was therefore erased; the lower row covered with canvas, and hidden under the new wainscoting." This only brings us to the middle of the first volume; but space would fail me to continue the list. I might speak of the churches at Leatherhead, Drayton, Merstham, Mickleham, Fulham, Godstone, Hadley, Harmondsworth, Hatfield, Hertford, Heston, Ongar, Orpington, Reigate, and many more, in which the older features have been wholly or partially obliterated, with a view to making the church more convenient or more beautiful, or in some cases, as at Eton, more "Protestant," and in others more Catholic.

I could speak, in addition, of such places as St. James's, Taunton, where the tower, we read, has been pulled down, and a new one built, "the facsimile of the one pulled down," as if that were possible, as indeed the architect admits when he goes on, "but it was considered that the late parapets and pinnacles were not in keeping with the remainder of the tower." It was

a precisely similar feeling which led Wyatt to remove the campanile of Salisbury Cathedral, a vandalism which the architect of Taunton would be the first to condemn; or I might speak of Ockendon, where the tower, one of the seven round towers in Essex, has had its original battlements removed to make way for a new upper story in mock Norman. Mr. James Fowler has written to the *Athenæum* to complain that the windows of Fairford Church are being "restored." Strood Church, says Mr. Roach Smith, has been stripped of all the monumental stones of its flooring, including a fine incised one of the end of the 13th century. Mr. Samuel Huggins writes that, as an ancient building, Chester Cathedral has actually ceased to exist. I could mention the fine church at Tanfield, in Yorkshire, where the unique hagioscope has been removed, together with the chancel arch; or Stoke d'Abernon, where the "Saxon" chancel arch has been made to give place to a pointed one as less incongruous; or Berkhamstead, where the remarkable porch was pulled down, and where a fine brass of the fourteenth century has been laid down on four separate stones; or Hughenden, where the Norman church has been pulled down altogether; or I might speak of the destruction of Lord Bacon's Chapel, in St. Michael's Church at St. Alban's, where the Elizabethan entrance, ceiling, and pews were all relics of his time, and were all swept away, and the chapel reduced to the level of an ordinary chancel aisle—a very bad case, indeed, where one of the oldest churches in England has been deliberately ruined.

It is but seldom that a church can be found unrestored. Yet a few such churches remain, and it is time that we should plead for their preservation, at least for a time, until we make up our minds positively that beauty and convenience are absolutely incompatible.

In some places the difficulty has been met by erecting a new church,



and not destroying the old. As a rule this can be done at smaller expense than is incurred by "thorough restoration," and it is certainly preferable to the system which leaves the parish neither a new church nor an old one. The question of restoration seems now-a-days to crop up in every parish. That a church is in repair does not seem to signify in the least. It is the rule everywhere that the church must be restored, whether it requires restoration or not. And we need not be surprised to find that at the risk of appearing to obstruct what has generally been accounted a good work, a number of gentlemen, whose names are well known in art and literature, with Mr. William Morris, who is prominent in both, at their head, have associated themselves for the preservation of our ancient buildings.

That it was high time for some interference few can deny. In the above quotations from Mr. Thorne, I have offered a number of examples in which ordinary restoration has been carried on, with, I allow, in many cases a doubtful, in some possibly a good result, and I have asked my reader to weigh the questions suggested as to the expenditure of money and historical interest. But there is another class of cases which I must not pass over; the more so, as within the last few weeks subscriptions have been asked to assist in one of the greatest of all the vandalisms which we have such cause to lament. It is proposed to put a finishing stroke to the destructions recently wrought in Canterbury Cathedral by removing the stalls, and substituting for them certain modern designs on the plea that they will be a "restoration" of the work of Prior Eastry.

Let us see for a moment what has been done in this kind of "restoration." Within the past few years St. Alban's Abbey has been undergoing restoration. The works, as carried out, have already been the subject of controversy, into which I have no desire to enter. I will acknowledge with pleasure that

the tower has been saved from falling, the shrine of St. Alban discovered, the Lady Chapel saved from desecration, and much else that was conservative accomplished. But against these benefits what a list of destructions must be set. The tower has been stripped of its original plaster and new pointed, in deference, it is said, to the wishes of the townspeople; though when townspeople invite an eminent architect it is that he may lead them, not be led by them. The exterior, which, being of immensely solid construction, had no need of "pointing," has been daubed with mortar everywhere, the exquisite weathering of the old bricks rudely removed, and a look of newness conferred, as far as it was possible, upon the venerable walls. The interior has been simply gutted. The plaster-work has been scraped off, the Elizabethan and Georgian oak panelling broken up; the pulpit, a magnificent structure in itself, and worthy of the great building in which it stood, pulled down, all traces of the Stuart period carefully removed, and, so far as can be done in a building of such antiquity, a look of absolute newness, freshness, brightness, not to say gaudiness, conferred upon the whole place. St. Alban's Abbey was one of the most interesting of English churches. It was full of incongruity and picturesqueness; there was a venerable bloom on the bricks, the oak was black with age. It had upon it, more plainly than any building I ever saw, the attestation of its vast antiquity; and to sum up in one sentence what has been done, I may say that it would have been impossible three years ago to believe that it could be made to look so new by any expenditure of thought or money.

It is now five-and-thirty years since the spirit of restoration seized the authorities of Canterbury Cathedral. I will endeavour briefly to enumerate the operations which have successively been carried on, only premising that, having at first employed a fairly com-

petent architect, they, after his death, contented themselves with the help of a builder, who for years acted as surveyor of the building and precincts, and gradually reduced them to the condition in which they now remain. Within the past two years an eminent architect has been appointed to superintend the restoration, and has set to work in so startling a fashion, that people who grumbled at the builder began to wish they had let him alone.

Beginning with the exterior, at the west end, I have noted the following "improvements" as having been made since I can remember. The north-west tower, a relic of fine, if somewhat dilapidated Norman work, was restored into Perpendicular, to match the southern tower, both being put at the same time into thorough repair in the style now universally recognised as that of Camberwell. A kind of screen, to include a series of statues, was afterwards added across the base of the towers and the west front, the statues being made; it would be mockery to say sculptured, by a foreign stone-cutter, and being varied in size inversely to the eminence of the personage represented. The next alteration I am not prepared to condemn altogether. The old Norman gate which divided the close, standing across the path near the south transept, was pulled down, and an uninterrupted view is now obtained along the whole side. Still, as it had stood for some six hundred years, it might well have been spared. The entrance to the Canons' garden at the east end of the close was imitated from it, the old carvings being actually used, so that we can easily judge of its effect before the removal. Proceeding round the east end we find a number of alterations. The ancient treasury, a venerable bit of Norman, has been rebuilt in great part, some features such as Mr. Thorne would describe by the word "characteristic" being introduced. A staircase has been put into the little court behind

the baptistery. It hides some of the best preserved of the old carving, and is itself in the kind of "Early English," with wide mouldings and heavy string courses, which has been made familiar in the new buildings of Pembroke College, Cambridge. It cannot be said to harmonise with its surroundings, but is so manifestly out of place that it may be considered almost picturesque. The chapter-house has so far been spared, and the cloisters have not been seriously injured; but above them, hiding what used to be a favourite view of the cathedral, rises the now well-known fabric of the new Library. It was probably the completion of this remarkable building which called public attention to the fact that the metropolitan church had subsisted for years without an architect. At the Almonry Gate, again, this want was made painfully apparent by some school buildings, but above all by the disappearance of the old gateway itself, of which only a few moulded bricks, gibbeted, so to speak, in a dead wall, remain to remind us.

Within the church, the course of improvement has been much the same. Few of our cathedrals, except perhaps Salisbury, have suffered so much. Monuments have been moved about—one of them, that of Sir John Boys, in the nave, having lost a figure in the process,—stained glass of the most startling hue having been inserted, the pilgrims' seats by the old windows having been removed to make way for hot-water pipes, and the delicate carvings in the crypt knocked about by the poles and ladders stored in it. But our chief anxiety at the present moment is with the proposal to "restore" the choir screen.

It will be needful to remember, in relation to this proposal, that formerly the whole choir was surrounded with carved-oak panelling. As this harmonised rather with the Norman than the pointed features of the church, and as the Gothic revival was in full force, and a Corinthian capital was

looked upon as something profane in a sacred place, this panelling was removed, and a plain stone wall, with glazing set in pointed windows at the upper part, was substituted under the name of a "restoration of the work of Prior Eastry in the fourteenth century." What became of the oak-work I do not know, but I suppose that, like the screen of the neighbouring church of Minster, it found its way to Wardour Street. When this screen was removed, there remained very little old woodwork in the cathedral. But that little was so good, so beautiful, so picturesque, that even the Goths spared it. Whether Grinling Gibbons carved the choir stalls or not, whether they were put up in the reign of Charles II. or Queen Anne, signifies nothing. They are of the best period of English wood-carving. They are comfortable and convenient as seats. They are not more incongruous than the Norman work everywhere visible throughout the church, and there is, in short, no argument against them which does not apply equally to the eastern transepts, to the primate's chair, to the crypt, to the tomb of Dean Fotherby, to the Treasury, to the School Staircase, to the Green Court Gateway—the same argument which, thirty years ago, made the Dean and Chapter pull down the Norman west tower, namely, that they do not harmonise with the pointed architecture.

Instead of them we are to have a "restoration" of the screen of Prior Henry of Eastry. Some remains of

it have been discovered behind the panelling. It consisted of a series of arches of stone, gorgeously coloured, and in that respect only differed from the portion of it already restored behind the altar. Let me appeal to people who are asked to subscribe to the destruction of the oak stalls, to stand a moment in the choir and ask themselves whether of the two they prefer—the delicate carving, the quaint tracery, the venerable colour, the perfect appropriateness of the work of Gibbons, or the bald "Gothic" of the eastern screen, which will not even look handsome without an amount of colour or gilding wholly discordant to the solemnity and antiquity of the cathedral? Could we be certified that the stone screen exists intact behind the panelling, we might hesitate. But nothing of the kind is asserted. A small portion only remains, and from it an eminent architect is prepared to reconstruct the whole. We know what has been done in other places. We have seen Italian Gothic at Christ Church, we have seen the proposed altar rails at Tewkesbury, we have seen Durham Cathedral, and Chester, and Hereford, and the Chapel of St. John's College; we have seen the balustrade taken off the Hall at Christ Church, and the Bacon Chapel obliterated at St. Alban's; and if we subscribe sufficiently, we shall now see the destruction of almost the only piece of genuine old work left in Canterbury Cathedral.

W. J. LOFTIE.

## POLITICAL EDUCATION OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

THE Rev. Henry Solly, well-known for his labours among the working class, and of whose philanthropic schemes it may be said that they have actually taken effect upon the working class, and not merely upon some section of the middle class which has intercepted the benefit of them, has lately set on foot what he calls the Workmen's Social Educational League. With the object, as he announces, of "promoting a knowledge of social economy, history, and political science, and the thoughtful discussion of questions relating to capital and labour, trade, finance, co-operation, land, colonies, government, law and national well-being generally," he proposes to bring into communication with each other all the scattered associations which already aim at some similar object—working men's clubs and institutes, mechanics' institutes, societies for mutual improvement, discussion classes—and organise them by means of a central committee into a sort of grand Dialectical Society. Here he would have the working class talk out its whole position and prospects, its duty and its interest, assisted by representatives of other classes, and of political and social science. In his prospectus he has given, under the head of "Reasons for Establishing the League," a most striking view of the actual political mood of the working class, of their want of convictions, their irresolution, and at the same time their growing dissatisfaction. For the purpose of discussing this scheme a meeting was held in the large room of the Society of Arts, under the presidency of Lord Shaftesbury. At this meeting a letter was read, which is here printed by request:—

MY DEAR MR. SOLLY.—I cannot refuse to set down at your request

some of those notions about political education which seem to have interested you.

At the last great extension of the franchise even those who expected most from the new class that was then admitted to political life perceived that it would require to be educated. It was considered a true if not a profound saying that "our new masters ought to know how to read and write." Accordingly, since that time we have had an Education Act, and there has been much more movement than before in the educational world. But may it not be questioned whether anything has really been done to meet the particular need which was then so universally recognised?

An education was then intended which should fit the people at large, not merely to lead better or more satisfactory lives, nor merely to compete in industry with other populations, but specially to exercise political power. That for this purpose our masters should be taught to read and write was meant, I suppose, for an ironical understatement, but we seem to be taking it literally. Shall we have any great security for the mercy or the wisdom of these masters even when they shall all have learnt to read and write? Most of the bad and most of the incompetent rulers mentioned in history have had as much education as that. Children soon learn as much, so that the *dictum* taken literally seems to mean that children of four years are not fit to govern a country, but that children of eight years are.

I suppose the notion at the bottom of our minds is that an artisan who can read and write will begin reading Adam Smith and De Toqueville, and writing careful abstracts or thoughtful criticisms of those writers until he has made himself a well-informed politician. I dare say there are many

hard-headed artisans who are capable of acting in this way, but it seems too much to expect of the class in general when we consider how little has been done to awaken their intellectual curiosity or to train the power of thinking in them.

Practically, then, we are not acting on the maxim which we all profess to adopt, namely, that the working class should be educated for the exercise of political power. The reason of this evidently is that we ourselves have never been educated for politics, that we knew of no system of political education, and perhaps that most of us disbelieve in the possibility of such an education, and regard politics as purely a matter of practice and experience.

I might say much on the necessity of political instruction for all classes. That there is much in politics that can only be mastered by practice or natural aptitude is no reason why no instruction in politics should be given. The same thing may be said of most of the subjects in which instruction is given. Latin versification has in this respect no advantage over politics. We encounter this fallacy everywhere. Sir Edwin Landseer said he did not see what there was in art that could be taught. He seems to have thought that if you couldn't draw a dog you couldn't, and there was an end of the matter.

In politics the part that can be taught seems quite as visible and unmistakable as the part that cannot. Political Economy, the statistics and forms of government of nations, our own relations, industrial and political, to other nations—cannot all this be taught, and is not all this necessary to a politician, even if we suppose that the principles of jurisprudence and legislation, of constitutional and international law are either known intuitively or not known at all except to lawyers? To me it seems perverse that in a country like this, where every one makes it a point of honour to have an opinion on the political questions of the day, there should be no systematic

study of politics corresponding to the interest that is felt in them. In schools the subject is avoided for fear of giving a bias—though it is precisely on this subject that in after life we have to decide and to vote—just as Sydney Smith used to say that when he was to review a book he made a point of not reading it, for fear of becoming prejudiced.

At this moment we are, I think, temporarily free from a delusion which often overpowers us, the delusion that politics consist merely in minding one's own business, in maintaining one's own rights, and respecting the rights of others. If it were so, of course they would call for no special study. But though in an island it is possible at particular times to reduce politics to a mere private affair among members of the same nation, it is not possible for us to do so just now. Evidently we cannot find out by mere mother-wit and minding our own business whether we ought to interfere in Turkey. And yet such a question outweighs in importance a hundred of the domestic questions which call for nothing but plain sense and good temper. Nor is it at all an exceptional question, for indeed England is no longer the name of an island, but of a world. Plain sense will not enable us to determine the Colonial Question, or the Egyptian Question, or the Question of Central Asia, or the multitude of Indian Questions, any more than the Eastern Question.

When Sir Stafford Northcote told us that the English public did not understand foreign politics, he was answered with much spirit that this was an insult to the English public, and with still more spirit and point that the English public knew quite as much about foreign politics as Sir Stafford Northcote. But I did not observe that any one had the courage to take the bull by the horns and affirm that the English public *did* understand foreign politics.

All this applies as much to the middle as to the working class. But



it is only reasonable to assume that the need of political education is greater and more urgent in the working class. There are illusions to be dispelled, there is a political sense to be formed; for we cannot suppose that nature has done all this for them as Englishmen. They will not probably be infected with the frenzy of some other nations, but it would be bad enough if we should have a series of Tichborne agitations. The hatred of extremes, the contempt for rhetorical platitudes on which we pride ourselves, are probably less developed in them; they know even less of what history records concerning the utopias by which men have been misled; the mere pleasure of making a row, particularly when some grand word such as liberty or religion furnishes a pretext, is, it may be supposed, greater in them. And any mistakes they may make will be made more serious by their numbers.

It seems to me that a much greater educational movement ought to begin, or rather ought to have begun long since, than any which we are witnessing. I understand that you, with your great knowledge of the working class, have the same conviction, and that you have an opinion as to the machinery that ought to be employed. Systematic discussions of some kind, I suppose, will be necessary. In organizing them, I should say, the principal objects ought to be, first, to mix class and class and, if possible,

party and party; secondly, to make the discussions as much as possible argumentative, and as little as possible rhetorical; thirdly, to give them a basis of sound knowledge, that is, of history and statistics.

The scheme contrived by Professor Stuart has from the beginning interested me much. What I myself value most in it is the means it supplies of creating and dispersing over the country a class of men who shall represent genuine learning, and at the same time shall be compelled to give their learning a character adapted to the wants of the community. Such a class once created and distributed over the country may be available for various purposes. Will it not be worth your while to consider whether you may not turn to account the machinery which this scheme is creating? In this way you might get from the universities the ballast of sound learning and method which is wanting in most discussion societies, and you might also secure the services of a number of men who would have leisure and inclination to push the movement in all parts of the country.

Hoping that your enterprise will have good success, and that you will succeed in communicating to others that impression of the urgent importance of the subject which you and I have received,

I remain, yours very truly,

J. R. SEELEY.

RAJAH BROOKE—THE LAST OF THE VIKINGS.<sup>1</sup>

"I CANNOT conceive," said Mr. Gladstone, in the debate on the Eastern Question, on May 7th, in the present year, "a more shameful misdeed than the slaughter of the Dyaks by her Majesty's forces under Sir James Brooke." It would be difficult to cite a more striking example of the vitality of persistently repeated falsehoods than the utterance of such words by such a man at such a time. Nobody, of course, will suspect Mr. Gladstone of any intentional misrepresentation, or indeed of being actuated by any but pure and generous motives; but the repetition of this vehement assault upon one of the best and noblest of his departed contemporaries argues an ignorance of the true state of the case which in such a quarter is a matter for equal astonishment and regret. Nor do Mr. Gladstone's subsequent explanations to Mr. Baillie Cochrane and Earl Grey place the matter in any truer light. He shifts the odium of the transaction from the shoulders of the immediate agents to those of the authorities at home, and more particularly of the House of Commons; but the transaction itself he still appears to class in the same category as the massacre of Glencoe, and characterises it as having been to the best of his recollection "a large, easy, unsparing slaughter, either without resistance or after it had ceased." An authentic, and it may be hoped final, refutation of the charge thus brought is given in the letters of Earl Grey and Vice-Admiral Keppel, published in the *Times* of May 21; but the fact that such a refutation should still be required does undoubtedly confirm Mr. Gladstone's main position that English-

men and English statesmen urgently require to be reminded "that they are far from being in a condition to lecture others *de haut en bas* on questions of humanity." For in fact, the vindication of the first English Raja of Sarawak from the unadorned calumnies of Richard Cobden and Joseph Hume, calumnies uttered with motives as excellent as those with which Mr. Gladstone now reiterates them, has long ago been decisive and complete. We do not propose to repeat that vindication, for which Miss Jacob's admirable biography supplies such ample materials, but rather, if possible, to form a just estimate of the man and the work which have given rise to so much superfluous and superfluously-embittered controversy. And both the man and the work are well worth study for their own sake. There is an exceptional character about both, which, as was perhaps inevitable, has given scope for infinite misconception as to their true meaning and aim. Both are, in one sense, anachronisms; and both have suffered the usual doom of anachronisms, in the misunderstanding and neglect which have fallen to their lot. None can escape his inheritance, and it was part of Brooke's inheritance to be born, to live and die, a Viking—a thorough English gentleman, gifted in full measure with all the qualities which that high title implies, but a Viking, and so far favoured by circumstance as to be able to strike out for himself a Viking's career even in the unpromising surroundings of the nineteenth century. And although in the lapse of ages the Viking has doubtless altered mightily in outward presentment, it is strange to note how persistent is the type in history. There is

<sup>1</sup> *The Raja of Sarawak: an Account of Sir James Brooke, K.C.B., LL.D., given chiefly through Letters and Journals.* By Gertrude L. Jacob, 2 vols. Macmillan & Co.

"Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea-change."

A vast change, indeed, of costume, mental and bodily, a change which has transformed him from a filibuster into an apostle, and has summoned, instead of the raven and the wolf, the trader and the missionary to follow his career of conquest; but the man remains unaltered. An Olaf disappears to return after the ages as a Drake, a Frobisher resumes the soul of a Guthrum-Athelstan to transmit it to a Clive,—a Harald Haardraada revisits the light as a Raleigh, and undergoes his final probation of suffering as a Raja Brooke. Strip off the Raja's English shooting-coat and case him in ring-mail—it is no longer Sir James Brooke, it is Harald, the chief of the Vøringjaguard in the court of Michael Calaphates, the comrade and rival of George Maniaces and the sons of Tancred de Hauteville, the ally of the Norman Bastard in the last and grandest of Viking exploits in the West. Eight centuries have passed away, but the echoes of Harald's verse still reverberate through all that Brooke thought or said or did:

"Far and fast by Sicilian havens  
Flies bounding the deer of the deep:  
We are sad, but despair is for cravens,  
Our courage leaps high with her leap.  
Yea, I deem all the pleasure and plenty  
Far less than to dare and to do:  
Though in Gardar my Gerda be dainty,  
And shrink in her gold as I woo."

The possession of the instinct which thus inspired the "Stern" Norseman as he swept past the Syracusan harbour into the long shadows of Mongibell is the final secret of kingly men and kingly races in every age. But the instinct is here, so to speak, highly specialized. It is not merely a royal disdain of the good things of the world as compared with active energy in a free field; it is this blended with all the inward influences which determine the destiny of the sea rover, adventurer, discoverer, the possible founder on fair sea-boards of enduring kingdoms, gifted with large poetic insight and an insatiable yearning for the free aspects of nature, for the leap of gallant ships

on seething waves, for peril and lofty enterprise in far lands, a yearning dashed with the wild regret of crossed or hopeless passion. This last, indeed, may seem a circumstance rather than a characteristic, yet it is, in fact, a "note" of the Viking which is seldom absent. In the case of Brooke, there is no marriage, and apparently but one love to record. Of that single passion we know nothing, but in the story of his after life, which so closely realizes the aspirations of the hero of Locksley Hall, it is not difficult to trace its pervading influence as his destiny drives him

"... there to wander far away,  
On from island unto island, at the gateways of the day."

How a second son of a Judge of the Court of Appeal at Benares did, in virtue of being endowed with such a temper, contrive in our own days to hew out for himself a career unique in history is the subject of Miss Jacob's volumes, and she has treated her theme with careful and laborious accuracy, with a keenly-sympathetic appreciation of heroism in action and endurance, and an almost epic coherence of narrative. The wood-cut portrait is unsatisfactory, and a summary of the chapters would greatly enhance the value of the work as one of reference; but these are all the faults we have to find with her book, unless we include a habit of Miss Jacob's, provoking from its very conscientiousness, of laying before us all the materials for forming a judgment even in comparatively unimportant crises of the Raja's life, when she would have been perfectly justified in assuming the inevitable verdict and condensing her story. But with Mr. Gladstone's words in our ears, we can hardly insist upon this as a defect in any work which deals with Sir James Brooke.

We cannot here do more than glance at some of the incidents in the life of the Raja. The actual turning-point in his career is when he lands at Madras as an ensign in the Bengal

Native Infantry, bound to reach Calcutta within eleven days, the last of five years' furlough, on pain of forfeiting his commission. It is 1830, and he is now twenty-seven. He has hated John Company and his evil ways from the beginning. He hates his profession, at all events in the position of a subaltern. He hates making explanations to the Court of Directors and requesting their "favourable consideration" of his case. Above all, he hates suspense, and then and there he renounces the H.E.I.C.S. and all its works. The hour has come. The father exerts his influence with the Court of Directors to have his son restored to the service, but the son's decision is taken once for all. The *Castle Huntley* which took him to Madras brings him back, a free man, to England, but not till he has seen Penang, Malacca, Singapore, Canton, Whampoa and St. Helena, and drunk into his inmost soul the promise of adventure in far Eastern seas. "I feel," he writes soon after his return, "the irksomeness of civilized society greater than ever, and its bonds shall not hold me long. My own family speak to me of the years we are to pass together, and it always makes me sad to think that in my inmost heart I have determined to plunge into some adventure that will bestow activity and employment. I have thought much of 'the schooner.'" This refers specially to a scheme he has talked over with the friend to whom he writes, and although seven years pass by before he starts on the great venture which has become historic, "the schooner," henceforth is the keynote of his life's music. The death of his father in 1835 leaves him master of 30,000*l.*, and in March, 1836, "the schooner" is purchased, though it is not till the end of 1838 that the *Royalist* stands out to sea from Devonport on the great enterprise.

The proposals for his expedition to Borneo, published in the *Athenæum* before starting, are drawn up with something of the air of a Royal Mani-

festó. He says in effect:—"The preponderating influence of the Dutch in the Eastern Archipelago is prejudicial to the interests of England and a curse to the native races. I am minded to advance the commercial prosperity of England and to better the condition of the native races by acquiring territorial possession in the Archipelago. I have carefully weighed all difficulties, and am clearly of opinion that for this purpose a schooner of 142 tons with a good crew and James Brooke as commander is amply sufficient." And sufficient it is. But perhaps the most noteworthy point is the Viking-like avowal that territorial possession is a main object of the voyage—possession not won, indeed, by unrighteous conquest, nor extorted by swindling treaties, possession obtained by fair means and beneficial to all concerned,—possession, possibly, to be handed over to the Crown of England, but nevertheless, territorial possession, a foothold for English military and naval force. That Brooke was perfectly justified in acting as he did is now beyond dispute; but in fairness to his former enemies, it should be remembered that the morality of such an avowal depends entirely on the character of the subsequent actions which really define its meaning.

On August 15th, 1839, the *Royalist* anchors abreast of Kuching in the Sarāwak river, the capital of that country. Muda Hassim is the Raja, and receives the Englishman in state. But there is war in the land, and after some six weeks spent in ceremonial visitings and exploration of the neighbouring rivers and coast, Brooke sails for Singapore and thence to Celebes, intending to return to Sarāwak when hostilities have ceased. In the autumn of 1840 he finds himself again at Kuching; but the war is apparently no nearer to its close. Muda Hassim invokes the assistance of the Englishman against his enemies, and Brooke joins the grand army under the Panggeran Makota. Brooke counsels fight-

ing, but the grand army will not fight. He counsels conference with the enemy, but the grand army will not confer. In sheer disgust he returns to the Raja at Kuching to report that his longer stay is useless. Muda Hassim is in despair. He implores him to stay. The Great Sir must not desert him. He will make over the country of Siniawan and Sarāwak, its government and trade, if only the white-faced warrior will help to subdue the rebels. Brooke shows no hurry to accept the offer, but returns to the grand army with unlimited powers, and before the close of 1840 the four years' war is concluded by the utter defeat of the enemy and the capture of their fort, Balidah. Singularly enough, in spite of the disappearance of immediate danger, Muda Hassim abides by his offer, though he continually puts off a formal conclusion of the arrangement. Early in the following year Brooke sails to Singapore, and on his return finds that the Raja has availed himself of the opportunity to murder the one native on whose courage and fidelity Brooke could rely. By way of inaugurating the reforms on which Brooke insists, he has further given permission to a force of Malays and Dyaks from the Sarebus and Sakarran rivers to sail up the Sarāwak river on a slaughtering expedition. This is more than Brooke can stand. He retires in dudgeon to the *Royalist*, and Muda Hassim hastens to disclaim all complicity with the pirate-chiefs. Finally, after innumerable delays and intrigues, of which the Pangeran Makota is the mainspring, matters come to a crisis. Brooke insists on driving Makota from the country, and informs the Raja that the only course to prevent bloodshed is to proclaim Brooke himself Governor of the country, according to his promise. An explicit agreement is drawn up, making over the government of Sarāwak and its dependencies to Brooke, he on his part undertaking to pay a small annual tribute to the Sultan of Bruné, and to respect the laws and religion of the

country. This document is duly signed, and on September 24, 1841, James Brooke begins his reign as Raja of Sarāwak. The monopoly of antimony supplies the revenue—some 6,000*l.* per annum—scanty, but sufficient. A simple code, adopting in the main the laws of the country, is not only published, but enforced. In fact, with four Europeans and eight natives he rules his state right royally. "I work," he says, "like a galley-slave; I fight like a common soldier. The poorest man in England might grumble at my diet; luxuries I have none, necessaries are often deficient. I am separated from civilized life and educated men; months pass without my being able to communicate with home and friends. Every trouble and danger is mine, and the prospect of compensation—bare compensation—distant and uncertain. Could money tempt any man to this?" Assuredly not; but if your Viking will rule as Raja, he must look for all this and more, and even as he writes we feel that Brooke is inwardly thanking God that he is not being strangled by a white choker in Mayfair.

After obtaining from the Sultan of Bruné a recognition of his title, and with the welcome aid of Captain, now Sir Henry Keppel, visiting the Sarebus, Sakarran, and other pirate tribes, with well-merited chastisement, Brooke in 1847 returns to England.

Her Majesty confers upon him the honours of a K.C.B., the University of Oxford those of an LL.D., the City of London those of a freeman. His country is justly proud of him, and withholds no token which can testify its appreciation of himself and his services. Before the close of the year, in addition to his former appointment of Commissioner to the Native States, he is appointed Governor of Labuan and Consul-General of Borneo, and the next autumn witnesses his triumphant return to Sarāwak laden with honours and offices, a trifle sunburnt, maybe, with the sudden blaze of flattery and favour, but heart-whole and with head unturned, a Viking victor.



rious alike over Bornean piracy and British red-tapery, dominant still in prosperity as in adversity over himself and his fortunes.

But the downfall is as sudden as the rise. On his first visit as Governor to Labuan he is struck down by fever and subsequent ague, and his illness is aggravated by anxiety on account of the withdrawal, under orders from Government, of the ships on the continued assistance and protection of which he has been led to reckon. Early in 1849 he is back in Kuching. The Sarebus tribes have taken the opportunity of the absence of any available British force to renew their depredations, and have slaughtered some 400 peaceful natives. Brooke, with such force as he can muster, sails up the Kalaka river and inflicts severe punishment on the pirates. An account of this expedition, charging its leader with "cruel butchery" and "brutal murder of the helpless and defenceless," appears in the *Singapore Straits Times*, is republished in the *Daily News*, and is there read by Mr. Joseph Hume. But this is only the prelude of the storm. Brooke's remonstrances induce the Government to act, and H.M. ship *Albatross* and H.M. sloop *Royalist* are sent to Sarāwak. Thus reinforced, and with the assistance of Dyaks and Malays, the war-fleet of the Sarebus and Sakarran pirates is utterly destroyed, 500 men are killed sword in hand, and five times that number escape to the jungle never again to resume their infernal trade. This victory, one of the most purely beneficent ever achieved in the interests of humanity, is the one which the humanitarians can never forgive. Other influences also are at work, playing into the hands of the humanitarians. The Eastern Archipelago Company has been started by a Mr. Wise, Brooke's agent in England, for the purpose of "exploiting" Sarāwak. Brooke, feeling that to embark in trade would compromise his position, declines to join the Company, and finally quarrels with Mr. Wise. The

Company comes to grief, and Mr. Wise, who considers himself desperately aggrieved by the Raja both in this and other respects, is determined to avenge his wrongs, personal and commercial, at the earliest opportunity. When the news of the defeat of the pirate-tribes arrives in England, he accordingly writes to Lord John Russell, then Premier, expressing his pious horror at the Raja's proceedings, which he characterises as "dreadful" and a good deal besides. Parliament is not now sitting, but early in the next year, 1850, the question comes on for discussion in another form. Her Majesty's officers and men—not the Raja and his followers—who have been engaged together with the Raja in thus putting down the Sarebus and Sakarran pirates, have claimed head-money in the Recorder's Court at Singapore; and Sir Christopher Rawlinson has duly allowed them the sum of 100,000*l.* for their services. This is an alarming amount to a home-government which has a reputation for retrenchment, and a bill is brought in for amending the Act under which the allowance has been made. In the debate on the second reading Mr. Cobden and Mr. Hume open fire upon the Raja, and from this time forward the warfare is carried on against him with all the malignant vindictiveness which characterises the more aggravated forms of philanthropy. Persecution, indeed, of the kind to which Brooke was subjected is impossible to the mere cowardly knave or revengeful bully—it can only be exercised in its full force by wrong-headed but conscientious men inveterately convinced of the excellence of their own motives. Of the character of this persecution some opinion can be formed from a speech delivered by Mr. Cobden at Birmingham more than a year and a half after the debate in the House of Commons, in which he asserts that Brooke "had gone out to the Eastern Archipelago as a private adventurer, had seized upon a territory as large as Yorkshire, and then drove out the

natives; and under the pretence that they were pirates had subsequently sent for our fleet and men to massacre them." As an example of unadorned humanitarianism this is probably unsurpassed. Brooke, however, who is in England at the time this speech is delivered, treats it with silence, in the belief that not only his personal friends but the Government are too well acquainted with the facts to require any answer from him. But he has under-rated both the ignorance of the Government and the weight of their obligations to the peace-party. Just before starting on his return to Sarawak, he is informed by Lord Clarendon that the Government considers it expedient to institute an inquiry, under the direction of the Governor-General of India, into the functions he discharges, his relations with native chiefs, and his position generally. Lord Clarendon forthwith instructs Sir Charles Wood, President of the Board of Control, Sir Charles instructs Lord Dalhousie, the Governor-General, and Lord Dalhousie issues the Commission; Charles Prinsep, Advocate-General of Bengal, and the Hon. H. B. Devereux, being appointed Commissioners. It is not, however, till the autumn of 1854 that the Commission is really opened at Singapore, only to collapse at once, though it does not formally close till November 26th. The Commissioners are unable to agree upon a joint report, but are unanimous on the main points at issue. The Sarebus and Sakarran tribes are found to be distinctly piratical, and their chastisement deserved. Brooke is found not to be a trader. The Eastern Archipelago Company ostentatiously disclaims any intention of preferring any charge against him, and nobody else has any mind to appear. As to the position of the Raja, Mr. Prinsep holds that it is inconsistent with his retaining the offices entrusted to him by Government, and Mr. Devereux also inclines to this opinion, though he is careful to add that "the junction of the two positions has had beneficial

results in leading to the Treaty of Borneo, the cession of Labuan, and the recent considerable and growing extension of trade along the northwest coast of Borneo." As a practical question, however, the point has lost its interest. Indignant at the treachery—or what naturally seemed to him the treachery, of the Government, Brooke has resigned the appointment he held in the public service the moment he heard of the instructions given to the Commissioners. In fact, this business of the Commission is a cruel blunder from first to last, and the cruelty falls with double severity on a keenly sensitive nature like Brooke's. It has, however, one good effect. It brings home clearly to Brooke's mind the incompatibility of the functions of a British Governor and Consul-General with those of an independent Raja, and having now finally elected to retain the latter, he appoints a Council of State and determines to exercise his sovereignty with full freedom. If England will not protect his infant state, perhaps France may. If neither, there are other states which can send a man-of-war from time to time to cruise in the neighbouring seas. If none both can and will, Sarawak can and will rely upon its own resources.

And, happily for Brooke, it can already rely upon its own resources—on the love of the people for their ruler, on their courage and loyalty. Early in 1857 the doings of Commissioner Yeh, in China, had created a ferment among the Chinese in Sarawak, and one of the companies of gold-workers suddenly breaks into open insurrection, and surprises Kuching. Several of the English residents are massacred, and the Raja himself escapes only by flying from his blazing palace to a small creek, diving under a Chinese boat and crawling, utterly exhausted, to the house of a Malay chief. Happily the steamer *Sir James Brooke* arrives at Kuching a few hours later, and as soon as the news is known, the people, including those of the tribes he has chastised, inflict a terrible but just vengeance on the Chinese before they can be over-

taken by the tardier processes of the law. The Government of Sarāwak has stood the test, and it is permitted to the Raja to feel that in the loyal devotion of his people to his rule, testified in such an hour of supreme peril, his justification is complete.

And it is well that the justification has come; for his work is done, though the end is not yet. He returns to England to treat with regard to the cession of Sarāwak to England under certain conditions, but is struck with paralysis before a decision is arrived at. His intellect, however, is still unclouded. The tide of popular opinion has again turned in his favour. Money is forthcoming, and friends worthy of his friendship are vigilant and helpful. But the decision of the Government is unfavourable. Lord Derby cannot shut his eyes to "the extreme inconvenience, to say the least of it, of such undertakings as Sir James Brooke's," and Sarāwak is finally left to shift for itself. This is at the close of 1858. In 1860 affairs in Sarāwak demand his presence, and he leaves his retreat and churchwardenship at Burrator to visit his kingdom once again. By the beginning of 1864 he has returned to his Devonshire home, where, a retired English country gentleman, trusted, honoured, and loved by all about him, the first Raja of Sarāwak passes away from among men on June 11th, 1868.

A letter from a Russian noble, not unknown in this country, written since the appearance of Miss Jacob's biography, gives a vivid picture of the Raja in his later days which may serve as a summary of his character:—

"I saw Sir James Brooke in January, 1867, at Burrator. He lived in such a modest dwelling, in such a modest way, that I thought to myself, 'Such a man as Raja Brooke ought not to be left to dwell in this obscurity, in this hermitage, even if he himself chose it. It is a dishonour to the country—such men as Brooke are so rare, and such noble souls are so valuable to a country so great and extended as England, that they ought not to be neglected in this way. Then I met the Raja. Never, no never, shall I forget him. His whole figure, his character, his noble great soul, his clear, experienced,

yet so youthful mind—all this has become engraved in my mind and in my heart in such a way, that he has ever since that time been my idol, my *beau-ideal*, of a really great and noble man. What touched me greatly was the Raja's weary, anxious expression, and the beautiful smile which was always ready to light up his face, so beautiful in its own way. Indeed, I believe nobody could hear his calm, firm, clear, and kindly way of expressing his thoughts, and the considerate, kindly way of expressing an opinion contrary to the idea of the person conversing with him—nobody, I say, who ever saw him in his cottage at Burrator could do otherwise than love and esteem him ever after, nor forget him to his life's end. . . . With Sir James, England lost one of her greatest, and certainly her most humane, disinterested, and noble men. I wonder how she can leave such a man without a memorial, a token of her esteem which he has so justly deserved. I know many persons in Russia—distant, poor, ignorant Russia—who would subscribe largely to a monument to Sir James, and I am astonished that no one thinks of doing so in his own country. The only—most noble—monument he has received, is Miss Gertrude Jacob's book—indeed, it is a question whether such a book is not a better and more lasting memorial than any other that can be consecrated to his memory."

So much, in barest outline, of the man. His day's work in the world is summed up in the one word "Sarāwak." From the first moment he is called upon to govern, he never for a moment hesitates as to the principles on which his government shall be based. He will not *exploiter* the country to amass a fortune to spend in England. He will not rule as a conqueror over subjugated races. He will start with things as he finds them, support what is fair and just in the existing system,—jealously maintaining every not intolerable tradition and custom, social, political, and religious—put down bloodshed with a high hand, administer law with unswerving justice and without oppression, gradually introducing reforms and new measures as they are wanted, and with the consent of the people, frame his entire system with a regard for the interests of those he rules, rather than of the rulers themselves, whatever be the colour of their skins. The principles are simple enough, but

the practice of them by Europeans in relation to Oriental races is unique in history. Progress, doubtless, is slow under such conditions. The trader and the missionary are perhaps inclined to think it a little too slow. But the Raja knows that thus, and thus only, is true progress possible. Surely, the experiment is one worth watching by Englishmen. It is, perhaps, not travelling too far beyond the reviewer's province to note that up to this time the experiment has been successful. In the hands of the present Raja Brooke, the nephew and worthy successor of Sir James, Sarawak still remains unprotected and unannexed, an independent sovereignty in spite of Mr. Pope Hennessey; year by year growing in power and importance as year by year its vast natural resources are more efficiently developed, and its government more firmly established. Its trade-returns for 1875, duly published in the monthly *Sarawak Gazette*, show indeed some falling off from the figures of the year before, but the imports amount to \$1,338,404, and the exports to \$1,440,374, the table of exports being accompanied by the significant note—"Add to coal, \$3,455 for 443 tons shipped." For a locomotive already brings coal from the Sadong mine to the shipping wharf, and although the Sadong coal is of no great thickness, long before the seam is exhausted the thick coal of Lingga will be readily accessible and available. But it is not the coal, nor the anti-mony, of which new veins are discovered as fast as the old are worked out, nor the diamonds, nor the excellence of Kalaka sago, nor the extent of rice and paddy plantations, nor the successful experiments in the cultivation of pepper and gambier, coffee and indigo, nor the gutta percha, india-rubber, and wild fibre of the jungles, which constitute the real value of Sarawak in the eyes of thoughtful men. Economically, doubtless, and in one sense politically, they are of the highest importance; but the real interest attaching to Sarawak is centred

not in its abundant wealth of natural resources, but in its system of government. It has demonstrated the possibility of ruling a population of about 150,000, consisting mainly of Malays and Dyaks, with a large infusion of Chinese and a few Indians, by means of a mere handful of Europeans, not by force, but through the people, and for the people themselves, and in such a manner as to transform a race of men exclusively devoted, not five-and-thirty years ago, to piracy and massacre, into peaceful, loyal, law-abiding citizens. The machinery by which this has been effected is of almost patriarchal simplicity. There is a naval force which can be called out in case of emergency. There is a military force which, during the last fourteen years, has remained at its full complement of 120 men, divided into two companies of "Sarawak Rangers." And of what material do these forces consist? Of Malays and Dyaks, a large majority of the latter men of the very Sarebus and Sakarran tribes which Brooke's humane severity rescued from the lower depths of barbarism to become in after years the trusted defenders of his infant kingdom. Of the missions, churches, schools, hospital and dispensary, club, reading-room, library, commercial associations, of hotels, lighthouses, roads, and fifty other institutions which Sarawak possesses in common with other British settlements on a corresponding scale, there is no need to speak. But the method of administering the law is peculiar to Sarawak. The Supreme Council appointed by the Raja, and without whose concurrence he introduces no new measures, has already been mentioned. For the administration of justice and other purposes, the whole country is divided into six residencies: Sarawak, Batang-Lupar, Kalaka, Rejang, Muka, and Bintulu. At the principal locality in each Residency, a Superior Court sits on every Monday. In Sarawak, this court is presided over by the Raja and the Resident, with the assistance,

when required, of the Commandant, the Treasurer, and the three Datus, its constitution in the out-stations being as similar as circumstances will allow. This court takes cognizance of serious criminal and capital cases, which are tried by a mixed jury. The Police and General Court sits on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, under the presidency of the Resident and one Datu, to dispose of minor cases, an appeal being allowed in civil cases to the Superior Court. The Debtors' Court and Court of Requests is held on Wednesdays, under the presidency of a judge appointed by the Supreme Council, and fulfils the functions of a County Court. In addition to these, there is a native Mahomedan Probate and Divorce Court, which sits twice a week when necessary, the president being the principal chief in each Residency. Such is the machinery of government in Sarāwak; and although many of these arrangements date from a time subsequent to the death of Sir James, they must be in justice taken into account when estimating the work of one who meant the fabric he founded to be continued by his successors, and supplied them with its general design.

What is the present duty of England towards Sarāwak? Negotiations for its transfer to England were some years since renewed by the present Raja, but the English Government again felt a difficulty in accepting the conditions, and every year renders the infant State more self-reliant and indisposed to accept protection from any quarter. Great Britain has acknowledged the independence of Sarāwak. We have had a consul there within the last few years duly accredited to the Raja's government, and although the consul first dwindled to a vice-consul, and then disappeared altogether, our interests in the Eastern Archipelago may at any time render it expedient to revive the consulate. But a consul, more or less, is a matter of no vast importance, so long as British interests are safe without one.

And safe they are, in Sarāwak, except so far as they may be endangered by external enemies, civilised or uncivilised. As to the former. Sarāwak must needs trust to the chapter of accidents, and England must decide as to whether she will or will not protect Sarāwak when the question arises. But as to the latter, the pirate tribes of the Eastern seas, our duty is clear. These are enemies, not of Sarāwak alone, but of mankind, and so long as England is mistress of the sea, so long is it her duty to assist in making all sea-ways safe from pillage and massacre by pirate savages. Surely it is not too much to expect that from time to time, as opportunity may serve, a British man-of-war should find its way to Sarāwak, and that satisfactory official evidence of acts of piracy, either perpetrated or threatened, should be followed by such measures of punishment or repression as the officer in command might decide on adopting. So much, at least, would seem to be due, not to Sarāwak or the interests of Sarāwak, but to England and to English honour. But, small as such a boon may seem, it would probably be difficult to extract from any government a pledge that it will be granted. We are ruled by count of noses, and admirable as the result may be in England, Sarāwak may very possibly fail to realise its blessings. But whatever the English Government may do or leave undone, there are men in England whose hearts yearn towards that little handful of brothers in the far East who are carrying out with such steadfast patience and courage the work bequeathed to them by the last and noblest of our Vikings. That work must not die. It is pregnant with the true secret of empire over Oriental races. It is no mere figure of speech to say that on the reading of that secret aright by English statesmen depends the future freedom, prosperity, and happiness of half mankind.

SEBASTIAN EVANS.



## GERMAN SCHOOLS.

WHILE the education of the poorer classes in England—thanks to Mr. Forster, Lord Sandon, and others—will in future be conducted on a well-ordered system, judiciously adapted to our national character and circumstances, that of the upper, and, still more, of the middle classes—*is* in an eminently unmethodical and unsatisfactory state. Our so-called “public schools,” by far the most important in the country—whether we consider the high character and attainments of the masters, or the social position of the pupils—were subjected some thirteen or fourteen years ago to the severest investigation by a Parliamentary Commission, and judgment given against them on the evidence of their own warmest friends. “The Commissioners,” says the *Times* of March 28th, 1864, “find public school education to be a failure.” We read in their report, vol. i. p. 31:—“It follows that with a great mass of men, school education—and that an education which barely enables them at last to construe a Latin or Greek book, poet and orator, chosen by themselves, to master three books of Euclid, and solve a problem in quadratic equations—is prolonged to the age of twenty or twenty-one.”

The verdict of a future commission on these institutions will, no doubt, be a much milder one. The public schools have done their utmost to remedy the deficiencies pointed out. The friends of “modern education” have been propitiated by the introduction of new subjects into the plan of study, and even at Eton and Harrow, long considered the strongholds of an exclusively classical education, the claims of natural science have been allowed, and schools of chemistry and physics erected and endowed on the most liberal scale. The present syllabus of lessons at these great seats of learning, would strike an

old Etonian or Harrovian with admiration, or rather astonishment, and cause a tutor of the old school to shake his head and talk of the evils of sciolism. And, indeed, it will be a difficult task for the directors of our schools to escape the imputation of narrow-mindedness, without running into the still worse extreme of the *παραποία*. The future training of the young will, of course, be more and more influenced by the Demos, and as parties disagree—one crying Greek and Latin, another mathematics and chemistry, a third German and French, a fourth English literature, a fifth mental, moral, and political philosophy—we cannot but fear that they will compromise the matter by placing *all* these subjects in the syllabus of studies, and conclude a peace at the cost of our unfortunate descendants. “*Eng ist die Welt, und das Gehirn ist weit.*” It is easy for educational reformers to draw up an enticing plan of study, including the whole field of human knowledge; but the practical teacher knows how little is gained by making a thousand shallow scratches on a pupil's mind, which only confuse and erase each other—knows that, if you would bring living water from the depths of his nature, you must sink one deep shaft at least.

But though they have made great alterations in their system, the masters of our public schools would be the last to say that they were satisfied with the results of their praiseworthy exertions. A large proportion of their pupils still leave them without any education worthy of the name, unable to satisfy even the moderate requirements of the army examination, and, what is worse, without any love of learning or desire of mental progress. It still seems a matter of chance whether an English gentleman gets a good education or not;

and so many of those who attain eminence in literature or science in after years tell us that they have educated themselves, that we might be called a nation of autodidacts. And if even those who can command the services of the ablest scholars in the country, and reckon, at any rate, on sufficient learning and high character in those to whom they entrust the education of their sons, too often see them grow up ignorant, and even averse to culture, what shall we say of the parents who belong to the lower middle classes of society? What guide or guarantee have they when the momentous question has to be answered, "Where shall we send our boys to school?" How the matter stands with them may be gathered from any number of the *Times* or *Daily Telegraph*. If a boy wishes to enter the civil or military service, if he would become a lawyer or a doctor, or even a tide waiter, he must pass a certain examination; but *any one* may undertake the education of the young, who can hire a house and pay for an advertisement. A youthful curate or minister wishes to marry, and has found an angel of the same persuasion, and, as a matter of course, whether fitted for it by taste and acquirements or not, he "takes pupils." A man of property suffers a reverse of fortune, and his wife or daughter "sets up a school." And these are among the more favourable cases, for the same may be done by a mere adventurer, who can make no claim to high culture or good breeding, but founds his pretensions on the possession of a house "situated in a healthy locality," "with large playground attached," or the promise of "unlimited diet of the best description," and "opportunities of shooting and fishing in the immediate neighbourhood." Such places, and the lower depths of "collegiate schools" and "Minerva institutes," are what the lower middle class, the pith and marrow of the country, have to choose from.

In our present state of flux and chaos, it must be regarded as a most fortunate circumstance that we have before us the

experience and example of what may be called a great nation of school-masters—the Germans; and few who have watched the course of events will deny that their example and experience have already exercised a most powerful and beneficial influence in English school education during the last fifty years.

In Germany we find hardly any of those circumstances which are supposed to prevent us from establishing a good national system of education for all classes of society. There, there are no "close and wealthy scholastic corporations;" no "rich, independent and dominant Church claiming a monopoly of education, and instinctively averse to change;" no "blind adherence to old paths." Whatever may be the faults of the German governments—and they are numerous and grave—they cannot be accused of hiding the light of knowledge from their people. They have long considered it one of their most important functions to provide a sound education for the highest and lowest in the land, a systematic training for every career in life; and, more than this, to enforce the acceptance of the advantages they offer. They have ever shown themselves ready to take the advice of the most enlightened men on the principles and practice of teaching, and have put the best education which the profoundest thinkers could devise and the most learned, laborious, and thoroughly trained teachers impart, within the reach of all but the very poorest in the community. A small German shopkeeper can obtain for his son at a day school (almost all German schools are day schools) for 3*l.* or 4*l.* a year, as good, if not better, instruction in the ancient classics, mathematics, history, &c., &c.; or in the modern languages, physical sciences, geography, drawing, and singing—as can be got by the richest man in the world. He can subsequently have him trained in the best schools of divinity, law, medicine, philology, philosophy, archaeology, the fine arts, and the physical sciences, by university professors of the highest

celebrity; or in practical mechanics, engineering, architecture, agriculture, mining, manufactures, commerce, &c., by men who have made the theory and practice of these arts the study of their lives, for from 5*l.* to 15*l.* a-year, according to the nature and extent of his studies. The schoolboy lives, as I have said, in the vast majority of cases, at home; the student can live exactly in accordance with his means. Would it be easy for an Englishman in the same, or indeed in any class of life, to obtain the same advantages?

It was my original intention to give in this article as complete a picture as I was able of the German universities at the present time. But I am convinced that no adequate idea can be formed of them without some knowledge of the schools with which they are so intimately connected, and where a very important part of the work is done, which produces such precious fruits at the universities.

The schools of Germany may be classed under four principal heads: the Gymnasia—corresponding in the course of study, but in little else, with our “public schools”; the Real-schulen—answering somewhat to the “modern side” of our schools; the Bürger or Gewerbe-schulen, and the Elementarschulen, of which last we shall not have occasion to speak at present.

### I. THE GYMNASIA.

Of these, the Gymnasia, which have still the exclusive right of preparing men for the universities (although some slight concessions have recently been made to the alumni of the Real-schulen), continue to hold the chief rank, and to enjoy the highest estimation. It is a noteworthy fact, that a nation which carries free inquiry to its utmost limits, unchecked by reverence for the past or fear of consequences, which for generations has set itself the task of discovering the best means of strengthening and developing the intellect and fitting it for active work in the highest regions of thought, has,

after lengthened controversy, deliberately adhered to the study of classical antiquity as the basis of its highest education. The question of admitting the pupils of the Real-schulen to the universities, on an equal footing with Gymnasiasts, was, a short time ago, submitted to the professors of all the universities in Prussia; and I was assured by one of the greatest physiologists in Germany, himself an enthusiastic lover of physical science, that both he and the vast majority of his scientific brethren had given their voices in favour of the classical training of *all* boys intended for the university. In England it may be said that the study of Greek and Latin retains an undeserved pre-eminence in our schools because it is richly endowed and leads to scholarships and fellowships, and is the only study of our aristocracy. But in Germany the philological students are among the very poorest, and the German nobility do not continue the study of the classics after they leave school, but either devote their attention to law, cameralia (diplomacy, &c.) and political economy at the universities, or to military science or agriculture at special government schools, where these subjects are taught. The German schoolmen justify their preference for the Gymnasia by considerations such as these: The chief object of the higher education *at a school*, they say, is not the accumulation of “useful” knowledge, but the strengthening of the power of cognition. All those, therefore, who are not compelled by circumstances to take the shortest cut to a bare livelihood, ought to pursue some ideal study which does not lead *directly* to bread or money, but is cherished for its own sake. Every good plan of study, they maintain, should have one, or, at most, two central subjects, capable of scientific treatment, equally well-adapted to exercise the undeveloped faculties of the child, to awaken the intelligent interest of the boy, and to task the highest powers of the most gifted and industrious man. This central subject must be in close relation to all the

faculties of our spiritual nature and all the phenomena of our spiritual life. It must contain within it the germs of religion, philosophy, history, geography, natural science, poetry, and art. And, rightly or wrongly, the ablest schoolmen have decided that the languages and literatures of ancient Greece and Rome, most fully answer these requirements.

According to the latest report, there are in Prussia, 232 Gymnasias, and 34 Pro-gymnasias, the latter of which have no Prima—our sixth form. These schools are attended by nearly 80,000 day scholars, who pay from 2*l.* 10*s.* to 4*l.* a year, according to the lower or higher form to which they belong. The salaries of the masters, which have lately been increased, range from 90*l.* to 250*l.* per annum. In some instances the salary of the Director (head-master) exceeds the latter sum, and a dwelling-house is often attached to his office. The Gymnasias, like the universities, are under the control of the Minister of State for Ecclesiastical, Educational, and Medical affairs. But while the universities, as institutions for the country at large, are under the immediate superintendence of the king's minister, the Gymnasias, as belonging rather to the province in which they are situated, are managed by intermediate provincial authorities. In each of the provinces into which Prussia is divided, there exists a body called the Consistorium, having sections, or committees, to which is intrusted the charge of the ecclesiastical, educational, and medical institutions respectively. The educational section of the Consistorium, which acts as a sort of privy council to the minister, appoints in its province a Schul-collegium (School Board), consisting of a President, Vice-President, and two Consistorial Councillors, one for the Protestant and one for the Roman Catholic Gymnasia; and by this Board the course of instruction, in all the schools of the province, is arranged and superintended. The official through whom the Schul-collegium exercises its authority is the actual Director of the Gymnasium. The latter receives his nomination from the Crown, but the

Schul-collegium may propose any duly qualified person to the Minister of Education. The powers of the Director *vis-à-vis* the Assistant-masters are very ample, and were enlarged by the new Directoren-instruction of 1867. The assistant-masters, however, when once appointed by the Schul-collegium, cannot be dismissed without a fair trial.

The Director draws up the plan of study for each semester (half-year) in accordance with the general instructions which are issued from time to time by the central government at Berlin. He mediates between the Consistorial Schul-collegium and the staff of assistant-masters, who can only communicate with each other through him. He is *Censor morum* to his colleagues, and in the annual report which he is bound to make to the Schul-collegium of the state of his school, he is expected to give his opinion of the character and efficiency of his assistants. The Director enrolls the new scholars, and classes them according to the testimonials which they bring with them from home or from other schools; and if not perfectly satisfied with these it is his duty to examine the new boys himself.

The financial affairs of the Gymnasium are managed by a standing committee—appointed by the government (Regierung) of the province—which generally consists of the burgomaster of the town in which the school is situated, the town councillors, and some clergymen; and of this committee the Director of the school is *ex-officio* President. The funds of the Gymnasias are derived in the vast majority of cases from annual royal grants.

The masters of a Gymnasium are divided into two classes, the Ober-lehrer (upper-masters), who are qualified to teach in the higher forms, and the Ordentliche-lehrer (masters in ordinary), whose *facultas docendi* only extends to the lower and middle forms. The former have passed the Ober-lehrer Examen, before the examining committee of a university; the latter, a lower examination before the same committee, but they can at any time claim to be examined for the higher grade.

There are also "supernumerary" teachers waiting for appointments, and "school candidates," who are passing their probationary year at the school under the superintendence of the Director, after having gone through the full university course, taken their degrees, and passed their first examination. *Hülfs-lehrer* (extra-masters) are appointed to give religious instruction to the Protestant and Roman Catholic pupils respectively. If the ministers of any other persuasion (*e.g.* the Jewish) wish to give instruction to their co-religionists, they must do so gratuitously. Singing and drawing masters are also attached to every school.

Each form has its *Ordinarius*, to whose superintendence it is more especially entrusted, and who is directly responsible for the conduct and progress of his pupils. He gives instruction in the higher subjects, and superintends the other masters who teach in the same class. The number of masters in each form is three to four, the proportion of teachers to scholars being, of course, greater in the higher forms. The Head-master gives from eight to ten lessons a week, the *Ober-lehrer* sixteen to eighteen, and the *Ordentliche-lehrer* from eighteen to twenty, and in the lowest classes even more. The pupils receive from twenty-eight to thirty lessons, of an hour each, during the week, and spend from four to five hours a day in preparation at home, so that a boy who would stand well in his class is occupied about nine hours a day.

Once a fortnight the Director holds a conference of masters, who hand in to him a circumstantial report of the progress made by each boy, and the general state of their respective forms. All matters concerning the welfare of the school are freely discussed at these meetings, and the Director makes suggestions and imparts advice and encouragement to his assistant-masters. The concurrence of this conference is necessary to empower a master to inflict any of the severer punishments.

In most of the Prussian *Gymnasias* there are six forms (or rather eight, as

the two higher classes are divided into upper and lower), through which the pupils ought to pass in eight or nine years. The lowest class is called *Sexta*, and the others in ascending scale, *Quinta*, *Quarta*, *Tertia*, *Secunda* (upper and lower), and *Prima* (upper and lower). There is generally a still higher class, called *Selecta*, for the more gifted and ambitious scholars, which is under the especial direction of the Head-master. In the forms below *Quinta* the course of instruction is adapted to the training of boys for almost every career in life; in the two highest forms they are specially prepared for the matriculation examination of the university. The work of education is not begun at the *Gymnasium*. The usual age for entering it is nine or ten, but in some schools boys are not received until they are two or three years older, and are then expected to show a proficiency corresponding to their years. When they enter school at the age of nine or ten, they must be able to read correctly both German and Roman characters, write a tolerable hand, and write from dictation without gross mistakes in spelling. They must also possess some knowledge of the doctrines of the Christian religion, Biblical history, and the common rules of arithmetic.

All the *Gymnasias* possess a good library for the use of the masters, and most of them one for the scholars also. They have also philosophical apparatus, and botanical, geological, and mineralogical collections.

A certain amount of surveillance is exercised by the masters over the boys, even during their play—or rather their leisure—hours (for they do not play), and in their own homes. The *Ordinarius* is bound to visit those pupils who come from a distance, and are not living with their parents, and to watch over their general conduct. The scale of punishments rises from verbal reproof to written reproof in the class-book, confinement to the class-room for from half-an-hour to three hours—of which notice is given to the parents—imprisonment.



sonment in the school career, which is recorded in the half-yearly report, and expulsion, of which there are different degrees, and which can only be inflicted by the conference of masters. If the Director differs in regard to any case from the majority of his assistants, he may refer it to the Schul-collegium, to which the delinquent, or his parents, may also appeal. If a pupil, after being two years in the same class, fails to get his "remove," he receives a quarter's notice, and is advised to leave the school.

The following is a syllabus of the work of the Prima (our sixth form) in a Berlin Gymnasium (for the winter semester 1875-6), which may be fairly taken as a good specimen of the class of schools to which it belongs.

*Religion* (two lessons a week).—Earliest history of the Christian Church in connection with the reading of the Acts of the Apostles in the original Greek; the Epistle to the Romans; the Confession of Augsburg.

*German* (three lessons a week).—Elements of logic. History of literature in the age of Goethe and Schiller. Reading of Goethe's *Torquato Tasso*, and Schiller's *Don Carlos*. Monthly essays on the following subjects: I.

(a) Are the fundamental principles of pictorial composition laid down by Lessing in his *Laocoon*, observed in the Centaur Mosaics at Berlin? (b) Is the description contained in the *Heraclides* and the *Achelous* of Philostratus based on a painting or a poem? (c) Does the rule of Pisistratus and the Pisistratidæ answer to Aristotle's description of the Tyrannies? II. (a) In what way were the feelings of Tasso hurt by Antonio? (b) How is the hostility of Antonio to Tasso to be explained? (c) The dialogue in the first act of Goethe's *Tasso*, as a pattern of the noblest tone of social intercourse. (d) Why does Goethe call Pope Gregory XIII. "the worthiest old man whose head is burdened by a crown?" III. (a) Do the words of the Princess "The truest words which flow from the lips, the sweetest remedies, avail no longer,"

really apply to Tasso? (b) What qualities of the poet are referred to in the words of Leonora "His eye scarce lingers on the earth." IV. Goethe's *Egmont*. (a) Was Duke Alba a good servant of Philip? (b) Why was *Egmont* popular? (c) Did Margaret of Parma show herself to be a sagacious observer, when she said "I fear Orange, and I fear for *Egmont*?" V. (a) What expedients does Sophocles employ to put us in possession of the facts preceding the action of the tragedy of *Electra*? VI. How far does the character of Clytemnestra, in Sophocles' *Electra*, agree with the proposition of Aristotle, "οὐδ' αὖ (δεῖ) τὸν σφόδρα πονηρὸν ἐξ εὐρυχίας ἐκ δυστυχίας μεταπίπτει;"

*Latin* (eight lessons, in all the lower forms ten, a week).—Four lessons a week devoted to reading prose authors, two to the poets, and two to grammar and style. Tac. *Annal.* III. IV.; Cicero *Pro Murena*; privately and cursorily, Cicero, *Cato Major*; and Sallust, *Catiline*; Horace, *Carm.* III. (Odes 1, 2, 3, 9, 12, 13, 19, 21, 30, by heart.) Sat. II., *Ars Poetica*, grammatical repetition. Practice in speaking Latin, in connection with prose reading at home. Extemporaneous translation from German. Prose composition once a week. Latin essays once a month. Subjects of the latter for half year. I. (a) "De causâ Pisonis (Tac. *Annal.* III.). (b) "Quo modo Demosthenes Athenienses ad bellum Macedonicum excitavit?" II. "Satis beatus unicus Sabinis" (*Hor. C.* II. 18). "Horatii ad Aristium Fuscum epistola (conf. Ep. I. 10)." III. (a) "Tiberius quae boni principis munia posuit, ipse primis temporibus explevit." (b) "Recte Cato sine senibus nullas omnino civitates futuras fuisse dixit." IV. "Quibus in rebus cernitur senectutis felicitas?" V. "Quibus causis permotus Cicero videtur L. Murenam defendendum suscepisse?"

*Greek* (six lessons a week).—Prose reading two hours, poetry three hours, grammar and composition one hour. Thucyd. VI. Homer, *Ilias*, VIII. XXI. Sophocles, *Electra* (474-515,

1058-1079, 1334-1397, by heart). Grammatical repetition; prose compositions given in every week.

*French*.—Grammatical repetition, and exercises in French style. Extempore translations from German every fortnight. Reading of Sandeau's *Mademoiselle de Seiglière*, and Guizot's *Charles I*.

*History and Geography* (two lessons a week).—History of the Reformation. Particular study of portions of ancient history. Repetition of the whole school course of history. Geographical repetitions.

*Mathematics* (three lessons a week).—The Apollonian problem of contact (Apollonische Berührungs - Aufgabe). Stereometrical exercises with special reference to cylinders and cones.

*Physics* (two lessons a week).—Optics.

## II. THE REAL-SCHULE.

The principles which lie at the foundation of the German Real-schule may be traced back to the scholastic philosophy of the twelfth century, when the Realists and Nominalists contended with the bitterest zeal for the *Universalia in re* on the one hand, and the *Universalia post rem* on the other, with marvellously little profit to the life and education of the middle ages. Erasmus was, perhaps, the first to call the attention of thinking men from the past to the present, and to maintain that the ancients should be read, not so much with the view of reproducing their thoughts in the same language, as for the sake of the matter they contained and in close connection with the literature and science of modern times. Melancthon, too, recommended the study of mathematics, astronomy, and physics. God, he said, had manifestly created man for the contemplation of His works, and we ought to prepare ourselves by the study of nature "*for that eternal Academy where our knowledge of physics will be perfected, when the great Architect of the Universe will show us the model of the world.*"

One of the earliest and most successful reformers of education, in the direction No. 212.—VOL. XXXVI.

of a rational realism, was the Moravian minister, Amos Comenius, who came over to England in 1641 at the invitation of Parliament, for the purpose of reforming the public schools; and, but for the breaking out of the civil war, he might have exercised the same lasting influence on the scholastic history of our own country as he did on that of Sweden and Germany. Undeterred by the horrors of the "thirty years' war," he persistently advocated the necessity of a system of education in accordance with the spirit of the times, and the wants of the great mass of mankind, whose destination is to be, not so much spectators as actors in the drama of life. He demanded a suitable education for children of every class, to prepare them for their work in the world. Unfortunately the majority of his followers misunderstood his enlightened principles, and fell a prey to the coarse materialism of the times, for which they thought a justification was to be found in his writings. The first impulse, however, had been given, and there were always some, even of the learned class, who saw the necessity of change. The gradual improvement in the method of studying the classics, by directing the attention of the student not only to the words and style, but to the rich contents of Greek and Roman authors, necessarily led men to set a higher value on those realistic studies which are common to the past and the present. The man who learned to value Homer, not only as a writer in the Ionic dialect, but as an interpreter of nature, as the clearest and sweetest voice in which she has addressed the ear of man, could not be deaf to the poetry of his own age and nation. He who had studied history and geography under Thucydides and Strabo could not be indifferent to the voyages of Columbus, or the wars and revolutions which were taking place around him. And, lastly, those who had studied Euclid must follow with interest the efforts of modern science to measure earth and heaven by the application of the very laws which the Greek geometer had laid down. The mutual relation between.

past and present began to be better understood; the dark flood of the middle ages, which had seemed to separate two worlds, and which seemed to leave only the unhappy choice of living in one or the other, was gradually bridged over, and it was found that they differed more in colour than in substance, and served mutually to illustrate each other.

The cause of a rational realism was, as might be expected, greatly injured by its fanatical adherents. Julius Hecker, who was appointed preacher at the Trinity Church by Frederick William I., established, under the name of Real-schule, a sort of universal academy, which included a German school, a Latin school, (for boys not intended for the university), a Paedagogium for future students, and a training-school for teachers. "Opportunity was to be offered to every pupil to learn according to his free choice, *in the shortest and easiest way*—to the exclusion of all that was superfluous or unpractical—whatever he needed for his future special calling." In addition to lectures and lessons on every imaginable subject, from philosophy down to heraldry, he established a "curiosity class," in which matters of common life, especially the news of the day, were discussed. In order to teach the pupils through the eye, and furnish them with "useful knowledge," he made collections of the most heterogeneous kind, models of machines, buildings, ships, ploughs, churns, forstresses, shops with their different wares, &c. In the so-called "manufacture class" lessons were given in the leather trade, and illustrated by a collection of ninety pieces of leather of the size of an octavo page! The words of the Greek sage, who said that the child should be taught that which he will use when a man, were taken literally, and a system established which, if logically carried out, would oblige our boys to plead little causes, preach little sermons, keep little shops, slaughter little animals, and spend their school hours in digging, hammering, weaving, &c.

It was not until the year 1820 that the Real-schule began to rise from the

disrepute into which it fell in consequence of the vagaries of Hecker and other realists run mad. In that year Dr. August Spilleke began to take up ground between the servile, materialistic, utilitarian view of education and the narrow and barren formalism of the old grammar school. He was not an opponent of classical education, but contended that the Gymnasium and the Real-schule ought to aid and supplement each other; that the chief object of the former was to develop the scientific, that of the latter the practical, qualities of the pupil; and that the Real-schule ought to stand not below, but by the side of, the Gymnasium.

As originally constituted, the aim of the Real-schule was comparatively a humble one—that of preparing boys for mercantile and industrial pursuits, more directly and more rapidly than the Gymnasium, with its mainly ideal studies, could possibly do. Greek and Latin were altogether excluded, as being unnecessary to the attainment of this object. It was soon found, however, that these schools did not meet the requirements of the large and rapidly increasing class of wealthy merchants and manufacturers, whose sons in after life are naturally brought into close social connection with members of the ruling and professional classes. They considered it a lasting injury to their sons to be excluded altogether from the more liberal education enjoyed by the Gymnasiasts. The rescript of the Prussian Government of October 6, 1859, was issued as a concession to this widely-spread feeling. By this ministerial "patent" an important distinction was made between Real-schulen "I. Ordnung" (of the first rank), and Real-schulen "II. Ordnung," and other Bürger-schulen (middle-class schools). The former were placed under the Royal Provincial Schul-collegium (the ruling board of the Gymnasias). The plan of instruction was fixed by authority, and the study of Latin made compulsory. The principle of mere "utility" was discarded, and the object of the Real-schule declared to be,

like that of the Gymnasium, to afford "a general scientific training, as a foundation for further study." The plan of study then laid down, and still adhered to, was as follows:—

SYLLABUS FOR THE REAL-SCHULE.  
I. ORDNING, OCT. 6TH, 1859.

	VI.	V.	IV.	III.	II.	I.
	(Lowest Class.)					
Religion . . . .	3 (Lessons a Week.)	3	2	2	2	2
German . . . .	4	4	3	3	3	3
Latin . . . .	8	6	6	5	4	3
English . . . .				4	3	3
French . . . .		5	5	4	4	4
Geography and History . . . .	3	3	4	4	3	3
Natural Science . . . .	2	2	2	2	6	6
Mathematics . . . .	5	4	6	6	5	5
Writing . . . .	3	2	2			
Drawing . . . .	2	2	2	2	2	3
Hours a Week . .	30	31	32	32	32	32

It will be seen by a reference to this syllabus that the favourite and vital principle of the centralisation of study is entirely lost sight of. The question of the proper constitution of the Real-schule, so far from being settled by the patent of 1859, is debated with greater energy and heat than ever. The chief point of controversy is that of more or less Latin. The present practice, as shown by the plan, is to give the lowest form eight Latin lessons a week, the fifth and fourth form six, the third form five, the second four, and the highest class three! Now as only two or three per cent. of the "Real" scholars go beyond Secunda (our fifth form), and a very large proportion leave in Tertia, the instruction in Latin, for the great mass of pupils, means a very little Ovid and Caesar. Just at the time when they might be expected to derive some advantage from their previous grounding, the number of lessons sinks to four and three. They stop short on the very borders of the promised land, and turn their backs on it for ever!

The question was considered so important that the present Prussian Minister of Education, Falk, very recently summoned a conference of twenty-four of the most eminent school-

masters of the kingdom to discuss this subject, among others, in his presence. However much the opinions of these experienced men differed as to the best remedy, they were nearly unanimous in condemning the present constitution of the Real-schule, and pressing on the Minister Falk the necessity of a change. Some advocated the continuance of the Real-schule as a distinct institution, with a considerable increase in the number of Latin lessons; some wished for a reunion of the Gymnasia and Real-schulen, on the bifurcating system, in such a manner that the divergence should take place after Quarta (or after Quinta), at which point the Gymnasiasts should begin their special preparation for the universities, and the Real-scholars substitute mathematics, natural science, and modern languages for Greek. In the study of Latin, however, it was deemed desirable that all the pupils should proceed *pari passu* as long as they remained in the school. The result of the conference may be summed up in a few words—"Either good Latin or none." The Real-schule without Latin is identical with the so-called higher Bürger-schule, which is still found in every part of Prussia, one variety of which is the Gewerbe-schule.

### III. THE GEWERBE-SCHULE.

(Trade, or Business-school.)

I come, in the last place, to speak of a school of a somewhat different character from those described above—the so-called Gewerbe-schule. It was my good fortune to visit one of the best schools of this kind at Barmen (Elberfeld), and to be initiated into its nature and working by the highly accomplished Director, Dr. Zehme. The Gewerbe-schule, he said, paid as loyal a homage to the principle of concentration as the most purely classical Gymnasium, but was forced, in the fulfilment of its peculiar mission, to choose other subjects as the centres of its educational system. The Gewerbe-schule in Barmen is divided into the lower and upper school. The lower school has four

forms, and a course of four years, in which the pupils are prepared either to enter on their future calling at once, or for admission into the upper school.

The upper school has two forms, with a course of two years, and a *Selecta*, with a six months' course. It undertakes to prepare a boy for the career of merchant, manufacturer, engineer, or architect; or for admission to the Royal Gewerbe-Akademie in Berlin, and the Polytechnic schools in various parts of Germany, which are to the Real- and Gewerbe-schulen what the university is to the Gymnasium.

The syllabus of studies is as follows:—

	VI. Class.	V.	IV.	III.	II.	I.	<i>Selecta</i> .
Religion . . .	2	2	2	2			
German . . .	4	4	4	3	3		4
French . . .	8	6	3	3	2		
History of Art .							2
English . . .			4	4	3		
Mathematics and Arithmetic . .	4	6	6	6	9	4	3
Mechanics . .						4	3
Chemistry or Mineralogy .					4	2	4
Practical Work in Laboratory)						6	
						or	
Practical Em- ployment in Workshops .)						6	
Theoretical Ar- chitecture . .						2	2
History and Geography . .	3	3	3	2	2	2	2
Writing . . .	2	2	2				
Drawing . . .	2	2	4	8	11	13	13
Singing . . .	2	2	2	2			

The numerals mean hours a week.

The remarkable feature in the foregoing plan of study is the great attention paid not only to mathematics, mechanics, and natural science, practical as well as theoretical, but to *drawing*, the reason of which Dr. Zehme explained to me.

The entire exclusion of the Greek and Latin languages, he said, was not a matter of choice, but of necessity, and neither implied a want of appreciation of their value, nor the abandonment of all attempts to penetrate by other means into the spirit of Greek and Roman antiquity. The main work of the Gewerbe-schule must of course be the study of the natural and technical sciences; but the technical high

schools, he thought, would in the long run, have to make some concessions to "humanism;" not, indeed, by placing the dead languages in their syllabus, but by the extended cultivation of a subject which stands in close relation to modern life—the *history of art*—an important branch of universal history. As the Gewerbe-schule is to many their *only* school, it must, like Gymnasium and Real-schule, endeavour to give an education *complete* as far as it goes, and furnish the State with a good citizen as well as a clever workman. The natural and technical sciences deal solely with the external world. Man as a thinking and feeling creature—his religion, morality, poetry, philosophy, and history—is excluded from their investigations. A harmonious development of mind and heart can, therefore, never be attained by the study of the natural sciences alone. "It is not," says Mr. Wilson of Rugby, one of the ablest and most experienced teachers of natural science, "simply *false* that there is an inhumanity about science. Constant dealing with nature, and the exercise of the intellect alone, as contrasted with humanity—the exercise of the moral feelings— unquestionably tends to exclude men from the highest thoughts." Not only, therefore, are the pupils of the Gewerbe-schule instructed in Greek and Roman history, but continually practised in drawing and modelling from casts of the choicest remains of Grecian art, with which the Gewerbe-schule at Barmen is furnished to an extent which would do credit to the richest of our English schools. But experience convinced the Director that the insight into the ancient world thus gained was dim and confused, unless aided by some knowledge of Greek and Roman *literature*; and this he endeavours to impart to his pupils by reading with them those excellent translations of the ancient classics in which the German language is so rich. The time devoted to them is naturally very limited, and I found that (with the exception of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, which are indispensable, from their connection with art) the GREEK authors



only were read, and, chiefly, Herodotus, Plutarch, Homer, Aeschylus, and Sophocles. It is manifest how well adapted the works of these authors are to awaken the interest of the young, and, on the one hand, to enrich their fancy with the infinite variety of graceful forms which people the mythical world, and, on the other, to afford the teacher the fairest opportunities of impressing on the hearts of his pupils the great moral lessons of history, the epos, and the drama.

Ample proofs were given me of the great success of this novel method of gaining, with little sacrifice of time, a considerable knowledge of the antique world, and of bringing it into close and fruitful connection with our modern life; and as I left the school I felt that a difficult problem was in some measure being solved in it—that of training the humbler classes by the most thorough technical instruction for the practical work of the world, without altogether excluding them from the humanising and enlivening influences of literature and art.

At this school, as well as at many others, the classes of which I attended, I was greatly struck by the extraordinary skill in teaching displayed by the masters, and the proficiency of the pupils—their ready and pertinent answers, and the clear and accurate style in which they were given—and also by the general *equality* of attainments in members of the same form. "In the sixth form of an English public school," I observed to the director of a West Prussian Gymnasium, "you would find a few more brilliant scholars than any in your class, with a larger proportion of idlers and dunces." "It is our principle," he replied, "to adapt our instruction to the wants of the average boy—to see that *he* is brought up to the prescribed mark at the proper time, and to leave the more gifted to find the additional aliment they need as best they may." I also noticed the fixed and apparently pleased attention paid to his commands, and the eagerness manifested by the boys to answer the questions put to them; and

I asked him whether they were excited by the prospect of prizes, honour-lists, and competitive examinations. He replied that *the principle of competition was almost entirely excluded from their educational system*, as tending to foster a servile view of education, and to lead to spasmodic and exhausting efforts and feverish excitement, rather than to the healthy and harmonious development of the mental powers.

On coming out of the schoolroom, I watched the boys at their compulsory gymnastic exercises, in their ugly, grassless yard, and contrasted their quiet, spiritless demeanour with the obstreperous gaiety of our own noisy youngsters at their rough and hardy games. The director assured me that the German boy was not, as I supposed, indifferent to play, but that the authorities did nothing to promote it. "I think," he added, laughing, "that they like a tame, Philistine people (*ein zahmes philistisches Volk*); and, besides, there is an ebullient energy in the English nature of which we know but little."

I then inquired into the social position of the pupils, whose performances in his form had excited my admiration, and was told that all classes of society were represented—*noblesse*, bankers, wealthy merchants—down to the smallest tradesmen; and that four of the boys in his form were sons of day labourers, who were unable to pay, without assistance, the marvellously small *schulgeld*. One of his difficulties, he said, arose from the poverty of the boys' parents, who made bitter complaints when a change of class-books necessitated a new outlay, however small. The father of one of his boys had lately complained to him of the heavy expense of educating his son (4*l.* a year); to which the Doctor replied that learning, unfortunately, *did* cost money, but that it was, after all, the cheapest thing "going," and that he had made a calculation, according to which a lesson in Tacitus, including firing in the winter, cost a boy exactly five *pfennigs* (one halfpenny).

According to the latest report of the

Minister of Education for the winter semester of 1876, there are in Prussia with its 23,000,000 inhabitants, 232 Gymnasia, with 2,528 Ober-lehrer and Ordentliche-lehrer, 281 Wissenschaftliche Hülfs-lehrer, 408 Technische-lehrer, 150 Religions-lehrer, and 177 Probe Candidaten, and (including the preparatory schools originally connected with the Gymnasia) about 76,000 pupils; 34 Progymnasia, with 268 teachers (of all kinds) and 3,737 pupils; 80 Real-schulen (I. Ordnung), with (including the preparatory schools) 1,420 teachers (of all kinds) and 30,874 pupils; 17 Real-schulen (II. Ordnung), with (including preparatory schools) 284 teachers (of all kinds) and 6,898 pupils; 92 Höhere Bürger-schulen and Gewerbe-schulen, with (including preparatory schools) 843 teachers (of all kinds) and 17,086 pupils. Altogether the schools for the upper and middle classes in Prussia, under direct Government control and supervision, are frequented by 134,595 scholars, and taught by 6,359 teachers.

In conclusion, I shall venture, at the risk of being tedious, to notice the chief points of comparison between English and German schools, and more especially those points in which the Germans seem to me to have an advantage over us. There is probably little danger of our overlooking those in which the superiority is on our side.

In the first place, the Germans have the advantage of a uniform system of education, framed by a succession of able statesmen and scholars, carefully superintended by the Government, modified and expanded, from time to time, in accordance with the wants of the age, and embracing the whole ascending scale of instruction, from the earliest lessons of the elementary school to the most abstruse lectures of the university, and the technical academy.

Secondly, the Germans have an advantage over us in possessing a numerous class of learned men, who make teaching the sole business of their lives, and are subjected to the close inspection of competent authorities appointed by the State. The masters in a German school are, generally speaking, better

teachers than those of our best schools; not because they are more learned, conscientious or zealous, but because they are specially trained for their work; because there is among them a more rigid division of labour, and because they have more power over their pupils. It may be said indeed *magister nascitur, non fit*; but teaching, like poetry, requires art as well as genius, and no Director of a German school would appoint a master until he had had some practice in the art on which his success depends. In England, on the contrary, we assume that the good scholar will be a good teacher. A good degree, a bachelor's cap and gown, are ample qualifications; and the possessor of these is introduced, without any special training, to the form of a public school, and left, without guidance, to blunder his way, by the rule of "trial and error," like any civil first lord of the admiralty, to the efficient performance of his duties. That, under the circumstances, the tutor and the first lord so often prove efficient is only another proof of the energy of our race; but who shall say how many boys and iron-clads are sunk during the noviciate?

Again, the German master is a more efficient teacher because he is not overburdened with form work or the domestic superintendence of his boys; and because he is only called upon to give instruction in *cognate* subjects. Three lessons a day is considered very full work, and the masters of the higher forms seldom give more than seventeen, or the head-master more than ten, in the week. A tutor, it is thought, should give no more lessons than he can give with the whole force and freshness of his mind, without undue exhaustion; and, above all, he should have time for prosecuting the private studies which enhance the value and efficiency of his work. The master of a Gymnasium, or other public school, would soon lose caste among his colleagues, and all hope of advancement in his profession, if he did not prove, from time to time, by some scholarlike treatise, that he was making good progress in some particular path of learning. How different is the

case in most of our schools! Many an English tutor, in addition to the management of "a house," has to give four or five lessons a day, and has neither time for social recreation, nor even for such an amount of private study as would enable him to keep himself at the level of scholarship he attained at college. It is no unheard of thing, even in our best schools, for a young master to be expected to teach Greek, Latin, French, history, geography, arithmetic and geometry, and to give seven or eight-and-twenty lessons a week. How is it possible for him ever to make himself a thorough master of any of these subjects?

The German master is able to give more efficient lessons because his form is better prepared to receive them. Not only the first entrance into the school, but into each succeeding form, is guarded against the incompetent by a very strict examination. Consequently, the master knows exactly what to expect of his pupils; and neither loses time, as we are often obliged to do, in filling up holes in the foundation on which he has to build, nor in teaching one half the class what the other half already knows. It can never happen to *him*, in the middle of a lesson in Aeschylus, to discover that some of his hearers hold unsound views in regard to the conjugation of the Greek verbs in *mu*!

The German master has an easier task than the English master, because he has greater power over his pupils, and because his efforts to teach are generally met by an equal eagerness to learn. The maintenance of discipline never weighs upon *his* mind. The force brought to bear upon the German boy is absolutely overwhelming. Behind his class-master (*ordinarius*), rise the majestic forms of the Herr Director and the Schul-collegium; while, in the distance, loom large and awful the *Dii-majores* of Berlin—the "Minister der Geistlichen-Unterrichts- und Medicinal-Angelegenheiten;" nay,

the Emperor himself, with a hundred legions at his back! What can a poor little Teuton do against such odds? The English boy, on the other hand, has only to face his tutor, or, at worst, an armed alliance of tutor and father; and he may often indulge a hope, that the operations of the latter may be checked or neutralised by the irregular, but very effective, forces of his natural ally—his mother.

The German boy is naturally more eager to do well in his class, not only because he very soon becomes aware that all his success in life is at stake, but because there is no other field in which he can gain distinction. But when an English boy enters *his* school, it is not the Newcastle scholar or the Tomline scholar who is pointed out to him as the object of his cult, but the captain of the boats, or of "the eleven;" — the heroes of Lord's or Henley. As an "oar," or a "bat," he may find distinction, not only at school, but at college, and in general society.

In these and some other respects, which it would be tedious to enlarge upon here, the German schools are superior to our own. Some of these advantages we cannot hope, cannot, perhaps, even *wish* to share, because they cannot be obtained without the sacrifice of what we value still more highly; but they are for the most part quite within our reach. The fair and candid spirit in which educational matters are now discussed by the heads of our great schools, the earnestness with which educational reforms are advocated at our universities, by men whose "interests" might tempt them to "let well alone," encourage us to hope that some reformer will arise to do for the upper and middle classes what has already been done for the great mass of the people.

WALTER C. PERRY.

### THE CLERGY AND CHARITABLE RELIEF.

Few signs of the times are more striking than the newly-awakened sympathy of the clergy with the movements that are interesting, and the feelings that are agitating, other classes of the community. The prominent and active share taken by clergy of all parties in the national protest against Turkish barbarities, the temperance movement inaugurated by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the conferences of the clergy with the trade unionists are all signs of this most healthy change. It is just these signs which give significance and importance to the meeting called by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the library of Lambeth Palace, on the 23rd April, to consider the question of the reform of charitable relief in London.

That at a meeting called by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and attended almost solely by the clergy, a resolution should have been proposed by a leading High Churchman like Mr. Temple West in favour of the substitution of methods of substantial relief for the small-dole system is certainly an important fact; and it is perhaps still more remarkable that so well known and influential a clergyman as Canon Duckworth should have proposed a resolution in favour of taking away from district-visitors the decision of questions of relief, and handing it over to a mixed committee.

But by far the most important point in the meeting, as far as regards future action in the same direction, was the attitude of the opponents of the motions. The opposition was founded on three different grounds:—(1) That the clergy knew all about these methods of relief before, and are the best administrators of charity; (2) that the poor are not demoralised by gifts

given to them as from friend to friend; (3) that it is better to be cheated many times over than to treat any case with undue hardness, and that though Lazarus may very likely have come into his condition by improvidence, Dives was yet condemnable for not relieving him.

The first of these feelings is a very intelligible one, and one which nobody has a right absolutely to condemn. It cannot be denied that, as a class, the clergy have done more than any other body for the relief of the poor, and I should deeply regret that any reformers of charitable relief should ignore or seem to underestimate the previous efforts made by the clergy in the direction of the organization of that relief. It cannot be denied that it is a very trying thing for men, who have been ruling and directing the administration of charitable relief in an almost independent manner in their own parishes, to be suddenly called upon to modify their system in accordance with modern views, and to become fellow-workers with other persons and organizations. I believe that there are few classes of society that charity-reformers can less dispense with than the clergy; and *that*, not merely on account of their influence over charitable people, or the powerful organizations that they have at their disposal, but because I think that the second objection to which I alluded embodies a feeling which all really charitable people must respect. The feeling that all help to the poor should be as much connected with relations of friendly intercourse between giver and receiver as similar gifts among equals would be, is one which many members of the Charity Organization Society feel necessary to their work.

A remark embodying something of this feeling was made at a recent conference on district-visiting by an anti-clerical member of the Charity Organization Society. After protesting against the idea that casual visitors from the West End were of use to the East End poor, this speaker urged that richer people might settle in the East End, and, turning to the chairman, Lord Lichfield, he added—"They might call upon their neighbours there, whether poor or rich, as your Lordship's friends might call upon you."

Now the parish clergyman is at present the one person in English society who is drawn by his position into natural and easy relations with all classes of society, and it is not unnatural that he should look with distrust on a movement that seems at first as if it would put committees between friends in different classes. There is often an uncomfortable feeling in those who are proposing sterner methods of dealing with the poor that they are condemning practices of the poor with greater severity than they would condemn them in the rich; that while many rich people are sometimes even thought the better of for indulging in needless extravagance, the poor for smaller extravagances in still more difficult circumstances hear stern lectures on improvidence, and are left to drift into the workhouse.

Undoubtedly there is truth in this complaint; a truth which is the natural consequence of the heathenish divisions of our society, and of our false standards of judging of men and things. But if we are too apt to excuse in ourselves and our richer neighbours extravagances which we condemn in the poor, it does not follow that extravagance and improvidence are good things, or to be encouraged. Let us by all means recognise our inconsistencies, and then every lecture to the poor may give a prick to ourselves—the sharper the better. But no doubt it is true that we are less able to judge of the condi-

tion of the poor than of our own; that we have not, therefore, as little, but infinitely less, right to lecture them on improvidence than we have to condemn ourselves and our richer friends. But are we, therefore, to do what we can to encourage the poor in improvidence and extravagance? I believe the true way out of this difficulty, as far as London is concerned, is in the carrying out of a work which the Charity Organization Society by its very constitution tends to promote, but which it can only carry out efficiently by the help of the clergy. The Charity Organization Committees in the eastern and south-eastern districts of London have been compelled to form their committees from men of leisure living in the West End. Now if these men are to get any permanent hold on those districts, if they are not only to help in relieving the poor, but to stir up a healthier co-operation between the tradesmen and workmen of those localities for the real benefit of the poor, the clergyman, as the one person who holds the position to which I alluded above, as the one link between different classes of the community, must necessarily take an active part in the work. That work, if properly carried out, may have a beneficial effect on the richer as well as on the poorer members of the community. I know of one instance in which a man, trying to enter into the life of the poor, gave up a great deal of the food which he had till then thought necessary, in order that he might be able to understand more the amount of trial felt by the poor in their want of food. Such attempts may sound fantastical; and to lazy fools, who like to find in the failures of good men excuses for their own indolence, they may supply first-rate materials for tenth-rate wit; but those who feel the intense painfulness of the problems of English society will be more disposed to welcome them as at any rate useful hints as to the methods of bringing about greater sympathy between different classes of



the community. The Charity Organization Society may of course degenerate, if left to itself, into a system of red-tape, and a training-school for detectives; but, if it does so, the responsibility will largely rest upon those who, while preaching Christ's lessons, and no doubt in many points obeying them, yet are so ready to condemn all who "follow not after them."

But there is yet another way in which the clergy of all parts of London may encourage those healthier relations between rich and poor which they are so eminently fitted to promote. One of the questions specially dwelt on at the Lambeth meeting was the taking the administration of relief out of the hands of the district-visitors and entrusting it to a committee. But unless the clergy do more to educate their district-visitors, the work of such committees will be of little use. The visitors will consider the refusal of relief hard and cruel, and will relieve the people in their district out of their own pockets without saying anything, thus increasing the disorganization of charity. If the clergy wish to gain the hearty and intelligent co-operation of their visitors, they must lead them to think in *every case* what the *moral* effect of their gifts would be. In this age of luxury it is hard for people to remember that "the life is more than the meat."

An East End clergyman, writing to his fellow-workers, says—"The homes of the poor remain wretched, the unwise gifts which tempt the people to drunkenness and improvidence are plentifully scattered, a selfish Christianity bars the way to the entrance of the religion which means love of others and an abiding trust in the presence of a righteous God. . . . Every one is looking for the happiness which is to be found in abundant food or easy circumstances, and shuts his ears to the news which proclaims that life is only valuable as it becomes useful to others. A son prefers to have some extra luxury rather than

do his duty to his old mother, and is angry with the action which forces him to do that duty. . . . Lest we should interfere with God's working, we give nothing to those who should have provided for themselves; lest we should seem to put the body's wants above those of the soul, we let no suffering tempt us so to act as to make the sufferer forget that sin is terrible." He goes on to say that, since he has worked with the C. O. S. he has almost got rid of applications from able-bodied and undeserving people, and has thereby been able to give far more liberally in cases of severe sickness, towards pensioning deserving aged people, and towards supplying the means for placing young people in situations where they will earn an honest livelihood. Such work demands immense faith and patience, and the visitors cannot be expected to exercise such patience unless they understand the principles on which the clergy and committees are working. They must be taught that it is not better to be cheated many times than to refuse help, because of the immoral effect upon the cheat. They must receive help and advice from the members of the relief committee in dealing with the particular cases. A young visitor the other day came to her friend and said that there was a family starving because the man was out of work, and asked what she could do. The lady advised that a little needlework should be offered to the eldest daughter, who accepted the offer of work, but never came for it. But it afterwards turned out that the man had plenty of work; only, instead of doing it, he lay in bed till nearly ten o'clock in the morning. One such example as that will teach a young visitor that it is better to offer work than money.

The evils of substituting mere officialism for personal intercourse with the poor I have most fully admitted; but may there not be a kind of personal intercourse which is as destructive of real human sympathy as red-tape rules of committees? Visitors,

who are always expected to give money, and who go mainly for the purpose of giving it, cannot form with the poor anything which corresponds to real friendship in other relations of life. Feelings will grow up from such a state of things which really preclude free exchange of thought. Miss Hill stated at the Lambeth meeting that her fellow-workers preferred the work of rent-collecting to that of giving money to the poor, since it produced friendlier relations between them and the poor. The reason is, of course, obvious. Where there is a sense of giving as well as taking, a spirit of independence and equality is naturally promoted, which must change the poor from mere recipients of relief into ordinary human beings. But such a feeling can be promoted by other means than rent-collecting.

A lady, who had visited for some months in a court in Whitechapel, was beginning to feel very hopeless about her work. Each time that she went the people received her more coldly or angrily, as they became aware that she did not come for the purpose of giving them alms. One day, however, to her surprise she was received with a welcoming smile by an old washer-woman who had always before repelled her. "Oh, ma'am," she said, "I am so glad you've come. I wanted to ask you what could be done for poor Moggy." The visitor found that the girl in question had been turned out of doors by her sister, and would have had to sleep all night on the step if she had not been given a lodging by the old woman. This was the beginning of a friendly relation between the

visitor and the old woman. They had found a real bond of sympathy. When once the theory is abandoned that the only relation between district-visitors and the poor is that of givers and receivers of money, parish life offers plenty of opportunities for common action between all members of the parish. Mutual help and counsel in arrangement of parish entertainments and parish business might be carried very much further than at present. The poor, instead of having things got up for them, might be invited to share in the getting them up. The life of the poor is surely not so destitute of peculiar experience that they might not often give hints that might be useful to their richer neighbours, as well as receive advice from them; and all that personal tenderness, which no doubt does often arise in the present relation of the clergy and the district-visitors to the poor, would, instead of being diminished, be purified and strengthened by the greater respect for the poor which the growth of independence among them would produce on their richer neighbours, and still more by the greater self-respect which it would produce among the poor themselves. The closer the acquaintance grew between rich and poor the less need would there be for painful investigations into cases of distress by mere officials or even by friendly strangers. Such information as the district-visitors gave would be more trusted by the committees, and thus the evils of officialism and the evils of reckless almsgiving might be gradually destroyed by the same methods.

C. E. MAURICE.

## COUNT MOLTKE IN RUSSIA.

THE Emperor of Russia, Alexander II., was crowned at Moscow on September 7th, 1856, and amongst the princes assembled to witness the coronation was Prince Friedrich Wilhelm, now the Crown Prince of Prussia and the German *Reich*. In attendance on the Prince was Freiherr General von Moltke, now Count von Moltke, who sent his observations and experiences in the form of daily letters, to a lady, his relative, in Copenhagen. By some accident these letters came into the possession of a Copenhagen journal, which published them in a Danish translation. Though read with great interest in Denmark, they would appear to have been overlooked in Germany till February last, when they were re-translated from the Danish, and published, though incompletely, in the *Deutsche Rundschau*. They have now been issued in a permanent form with the permission of their illustrious author. They describe the coronation of the Emperor and the festivities of the time; and contain many remarkable reflections on the public and domestic life of the Russian people, which are applicable to the Russia of this hour in spite of the great reforms introduced by the Emperor.

But the great interest of this little volume is not derived so much from the intrinsic value of its contents as from the fact that it exhibits the renowned soldier in so different a light from that in which he generally appears to the popular mind. The sketches of his character which are current, the anecdotes of his taciturnity, even the countless portraits which represent his features in the cast-iron fashion of photography, seem to have impressed on the public mind the idea of a character unusually stern—almost repulsive.

As we turn over its leaves our surprise increases with each page. This lively gentleman, who enjoys life so thoroughly and describes it so genially, who basks in the sunshine and abominates cold, who sees and sympathizes equally with the emotion of an emperor and the needs of a beggar, who describes like a poet the babbling of a brook, and like a painter both pictures and scenes, who seems to melt into sympathy with the delicious singing he hears in the churches and convents, who withal is full of quaint humour, and does not even forget to notice the ladies' dresses, can this indeed be the stern Moltke—the man who is said to be able to keep silence in ten languages? The popular idea of him is not badly conveyed in a story which was current in Germany after the Austrian war, that a young subaltern having been put by mistake into a carriage with his great chief, ventured on entering and leaving, in the greatest fright, to murmur "*Verzeihen Sie, Excellenz*" (Pardon, your Excellency), Moltke's comment on which was a growl of "*unerträglicher Schwätzer*" (insufferable talker)! Of such harsh taciturnity there is indeed little reflection in the pleasant pages before us.

In making a few extracts from these letters it is difficult to choose, where all, for one reason or another, is interesting; but we shall prefer those passages which illustrate the character of the writer, adding a few which are valuable as giving the opinion of so great a man on matters of universal interest at the present moment.

The Prince and his suite went to Petersburg by sea. After an amusing description of the voyage,—the vexations of sea-sickness, the cabin through which the rudder ran, "creaking con-

tinually in a fearful manner," the monotony broken only by dinners which might have proved "too good, had they not been washed down by very old Malaga, excellent Lafitte, and Champagne *frappé*," Count Moltke goes on :—

"Remember that all this took place with the accompaniments of a pouring rain, a high sea, and fits of sea-sickness, and you will acknowledge that our situation was horrible. But nevertheless we were soon quickly gliding into smooth water towards the nearest coast. To the left shone on the horizon something which, if it were not the middle of the day, might have been taken for a star. It was the golden cupola of the Isaac's Church in St. Petersburg. We soon landed on the fine broad steps of Peterhof. The Empress was hurried away through the rows of troops, and there was an indescribable confusion of soldiers and courtiers with stars and epaulettes. We were presently seized upon by servants who placed us in a cab, which made its way to the place of our destination, where a swarm of servants and equipages were placed at our disposal. And now that I have come happily to land, and it is ten o'clock, I will shut up for to-day, wishing you heartily good night. My letter will not go much before mid-day, so that I can tell you in the morning whether my land impressions have overcome my maritime reminiscences. As I have not taken off my clothes for three nights, an elegant bed with good mattresses and silken quilt smiles upon me most pleasantly."

The next morning he continues : "I have a large and pretty room, with a very pleasant green outlook, and, what is priceless in this damp, cold region, on the sunny side of the house. Yet I was glad of my cloak during the night." He describes Peterhof : the palace—white and gold with golden cupola, surrounded with dark fir-trees and a "most peculiar alley of jets of water," between which the sea, and on the horizon the coast of Finland can be seen—making "a most surprising impression," and the park full of cascades, temples, and statues, "recalling Wilhelmshöhe and Sans Souci ;" but—

"What pleased and surprised me most in the park was a brook, a real German stream, with crystal-clear water rushing over blocks of granite. I could not have believed there was so great a fall in flat Russia from the Valdai Hills to the level of the sea. It is always perfectly unaccountable to me how

landscape-gardeners in flat countries will contrive waterfalls instead of using their labour to make, at least for a short distance, a splashing, murmuring brook. The artistically victimised water is sent over a plank into a six-foot-deep chasm, whence it seems to creep away ashamed, not knowing where to go ! To make the thing complete, the cataract should only be set off when the spectator is standing ready to be astonished ! But the brook in Peterhof is nature, and if the trout can make a home in the sixtieth degree of north latitude, they must certainly find it here."

The Empress mentioned as landing at Peterhof was the Dowager Empress, the mother of the Emperor, and of her he says :—

"It was thought hardly possible that this noble lady could live to return from Wildbad to the Neva ; but she had determined to bestow her blessing on her son at his coronation, as is the beautiful old custom of this country, even if she should die in consequence. And what this lady once wills, she wills most decidedly."

It is pleasant to know that the courageous lady was rewarded for her brave effort. At Moscow, at the coronation, Count Moltke found it

"fine to see how the aged, stately Empress mother followed all these movements with eager attention. Her youngest son showed much anxiety to support her, and to draw more closely her ermine furs, lest she should feel the cold. The wife of an American diplomatist near me fainted away, and the Princess Helena fell into her husband's arms, but the Emperor's aged mother stood it all out bravely. She rose and advanced with a firm step to the foot of the throne, the sparkling crown on her head and the mantle of gold brocade trailing behind. Here before all the world she embraced her first-born and blessed him. The Emperor kissed her hands. Then all the grand-dukes and princes followed, bowing low ; and the Emperor embraced them. Whilst all this was going on, *Domine saluum fac Imperatorem* was sung, the bells in all the churches rang out, a hundred cannon shots shook the windows ; and all the spectators bowed three times.

"Next the Emperor, arrayed in all his Imperial robes, stepped down from the throne and knelt in prayer—all the company kneeling or bending low in prayer for the welfare of their new monarch. In the hand of no mortal man is such unlimited power laid as in that of this absolute ruler of the tenth part of the inhabitants of the earth, whose sceptre stretches over four quarters of the world, and who lays

his commands on Christians and Jews, Musselmans and heathen. Who can fail to pray God that His grace may enlighten the man whose will is law to sixty millions, whose word is obeyed from the Wall of China to the Vistula, from the Polar Sea to Mount Ararat, to whose signal half a million of soldiers are obedient, and who even now (1856) has given peace to Europe? May he be victorious in the peaceful conquests he is about to attempt in the interior of his vast kingdom, and remain a firm support of law and order!"

After the exhausting ceremony—

"The Empress seemed to be fatigued, and did not receive us, but the Dowager Empress did so most kindly. She was in simple but rich morning dress, wearing a white Indian shawl with a wide border, and sat, or rather lay, on two arm-chairs. She chatted with each of us, and gave every one her hand to kiss. 'I thought I should have died of joy and excitement at the coronation,' said she, 'but I prayed so earnestly that God has preserved me.'"

Of the Emperor he writes:—

"He makes a very pleasing impression on me. He has not the statuesque beauty nor the marble rigidity of his father, but is an extremely handsome majestic man. He appeared somewhat worn, and one could imagine that events had impressed a gravity upon his noble features which contrasts strongly with the kind expression of his large eyes."

And afterwards:

"He seemed to feel the whole significance of the festival, not because of its extraordinary splendour, but in spite of it."

Count Moltke describes the grand palaces and churches of St. Petersburg in a most picturesque manner, but these descriptions exceed our limits, and we can only give a few of his remarks on the singing in the churches:—

"The Greek Church allows the use of painting in the sacred edifice and singing in the service, but forbids all sculpture and instrumental music. They have the most wonderfully beautiful old hymns, mostly brought from the West, although now forgotten there. Rome has furnished many. . . . The choir sang a truly overpowering melody, with the most perfect execution. Nothing more beautiful than the composition, but nothing also more beautiful than the rendering. . . . But how the voices of the singers were heard as they began one of those wonderful melodies which in Russia alone can be heard in such perfection! Who could have expected to hear in this place such voices, and such execution? We remained motionless till the singing ceased."

He visits a convent:—

"The Igumena or Abbess received us in person. Men were excluded from the service, but the nuns sang at the entrance. Among these poor creatures, entirely clothed in black, some were aged, almost all ugly, with Tartar features, though now and then with beautiful eyes. The novices wear a pointed, the nuns a cylindrical, black hood, a black veil, and long black garments. One of them directed the choir with a little black stick. It is impossible to describe the exquisite beauty of the singing. There were most beautiful voices, and among them some so deep that one might have taken them for men's. I have never heard anything more lovely than these ancient Church melodies. The nuns receive twenty paper roubles yearly—less than a servant-maid gets with us. Everything else they must earn by the work of their own hands. They work with the needle and paint, and the churches contain many beautiful specimens of their skill."

At Moscow, Count Moltke rides in the grand procession to the Kremlin, amongst princes, grand-dukes, and nobles of every country; but his position has its drawbacks.

"One can generally feel happy enough on a strange horse if one is tolerably confident of getting off again without mischief to one's self or others. But here had riders come up close behind—horses turn up in the most unexpected corners, plunging and kicking in every direction. It is easy enough to ride alone, but in such a crowd, at a sharp trot, on a spirited animal, then indeed, one has to keep one's eyes open. Suddenly the Emperor stops, and all pull up; or he takes a turn, and then the confusion is fearful; or he gallops on, and every one starts forward while his head jerks backward with the sudden movement. Then the fluttering flags, the braying of the trumpets, the rolling of the drums, and the never-ceasing 'Hurrahs!' is something to see! I rode a small black horse which I should have liked for my own, he went just like an East-Prussian, only very eager, taking me more than once in front between the grand-dukes. However I soon got on very well with him, especially after we came to understand one another. He liked an easy seat and light hand, which in such difficulties it was not always easy to get."

The descriptions of Petersburg and Moscow we do not give, as they may be familiar to our readers or be easily found elsewhere, but Count Moltke's impressions of them have a peculiar interest:—

"Any one who stands, as I did, on the top of the Kremlin, and looks down for the first



time on the city of Moscow on a warm, sunny day, will with difficulty realise that he is in the same latitude under which in Siberia the reindeer roams and in Kamschatka dogs draw sledges over fields of ice. Moscow makes a most decidedly southern impression, though at the same time something strange and novel. One fancies one's self in Ispahan, Bagdad, or some place in the *Arabian Nights*. And indeed one cannot easily see anything brighter than this fairy-like city stretched out in the sun, filled with all that is rich and splendid from far and near, with the long procession in which, under a blue sky, among ancient monuments and sacred edifices, the treasures of the Church, the weapons of the Army, and the Regalia of the State, are displayed to greet the new Emperor. I have not yet digested the impression which it has made upon me. I walk about continually in silent astonishment. I try to arrange my thoughts and to make some comparisons between what strikes me as so strange and wondrous, with what I have seen before in other regions. When I stand on the high terrace of the Kremlin and look down on this enormous city, the white houses with bright green roofs, surrounded with dark trees, the high towers and countless churches with golden cupolas, I am reminded sometimes of the view of Prague from the Hradsechin, sometimes of that of Pesth from Buda, and again of that of Palermo from Monte Reale. Still everything here is different, and the centre of the whole, the Kremlin, cannot be compared with anything in the world.

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"Peter the Great found an inland country entirely without sea coast. He might have chosen either Black Sea or Baltic to bring him into connection with the civilised world, but whichever it might be, it had first to be conquered. The hot-headed King of Sweden drew him into a northern war, and the southern sea was surrounded by barbarians. It is said that he had originally intended to found his new capital on the Black Sea, and even fixed on its site. And indeed the one coast is not much further from the centre of the kingdom than the other. . . . But what a city would St. Petersburg have been if its wide streets had stretched down to Balaklava and the Winter Palace had looked on the deep blue mirror of the Euxine; if the Isaac's Church had stood on the heights of Malakoff, if Alushta and Orianda had been the Peterhof and Gatschina of the Imperial family!"

In one of his letters from Moscow Count Moltke gives an account of the country, its institutions, and its people, so clear and concise, and yet so wise and sympathetic that we would gladly transfer it to these pages; we can, however, only pick out a few

remarks, and these too, not perhaps in themselves the best, but such as will best bear to be separated from the context:—

"When one reflects that the essence of this people—the great Russian nation, thirty-six millions of men of one race, one creed, one tongue, forms the greatest homogeneous mass of men in the world—who can doubt that Russia has a great future before her? It has been said that with increasing population, the enormous kingdom must fall to pieces of itself; but no part can exist without the other, the wooded north needs the corn-growing south, the industrial midland needs them both, while the interior is nothing without the sea-coasts and the mighty Volga. But still more powerful than all these is the community of feeling which binds together even the most distant parts. And of this feeling, Moscow is the centre point, not only of the European empire, but of the old, sacred realm of the Czars, in which the historical memories of the people are rooted, and out of which its future may yet perhaps arise."

Of the people he speaks in an equally pleasant tone:—

"In the evening the city was illuminated. I drove and walked through the surging crowd and marvelled at the intelligence, docility, and quietness. Indeed there cannot be a more gentle and good-natured people than the Russian peasantry. Every household, according to the number of its male members receives a corresponding portion of land. . . . The son does not inherit his father's land. He receives his portion not on the strength of inheritance, but on the strength of his birth as a member of the community. . . . No one is quite poor. A father may lose everything; the children do not inherit his poverty. The increase of the family, which is with us so great a cause of anxiety, is in Russia an increase of riches. All try to marry early, and the introduction of even the poorest daughter-in-law is a festival in the family, for she brings with her a pair of useful hands, and her sons will have their portion of land set apart for them from their birth. . . . But it must be confessed that this division of the land prevents any portion of it from being long in a state of perfection. Who will make improvements, plant trees, or drain land, which, after fifteen years, will perhaps belong to some one else! Personally, the Russian peasant is perfectly free. The aristocracy is not originally a Russian institution, it is, as in England, of German origin. . . . The Russian noble lived and lives still almost entirely in the cities, that is, either in Moscow or St. Petersburg. *On dit que j'ai de superbes terres du côté de Tomsk!* one of them may be heard to say. A member of the Emperor's staff being sent on a mission up the Volga, and much de-

lighted with a certain region, inquired to whom the country thereabouts belonged. The answer was his own name!

"The Russian peasants are extremely good-natured and peaceable. One never sees the people fighting or wrestling. They have no bull-fights or cock-fights. But their feeling for their superiors makes them, much against their inclination, the most obedient and devoted of soldiers. During the flood in St. Petersburg sentries were drowned because they had not been discharged from their posts. As the Winter palace was burning, a priest rescued the sacred vessels from the chapel. In the corridor he found a sentinel and told him the danger of remaining longer at his post. 'Prikass!' (Orders) said the man; received absolution and was burnt."

Of the soldiers he says:—

"The Emperor rode down the whole front of the camp, one (German) mile and a half. The soldiers—seventy-four battalions of eight hundred men—about sixty thousand in all, unmixed, old, bearded, dark-brown faces, stood without arms, with caps uplifted. I will say nothing of the deafening 'hurrahs,' which lasted for two hours, except that one might see in these bearded faces with what joy they greeted their Czar.

"The Emperor spoke to several of them, and they answered their 'batuschka' (their father) without any embarrassment. . . .

"The troops were drawn up in six lines, and the Emperor rode with his enormous suite along the whole front. At the march past there were 75,000 men—infantry, cavalry, and artillery—the Guard corps and one division of the Grenadier corps. If these troops had been set out in line they would have covered a (German) mile in length. . . . I could not have believed it possible that after their long marches the troops could have turned out in such perfect order.

"We rode into the camp of the infantry and foot artillery, a town, of fifty thousand inhabitants, under canvas, with broad, regular streets, on a treeless plain. It is well suited for its purpose. Fourteen of these military monks sleep in one cell; they lie on wooden beds, with a little straw, and cover themselves with their long gray cloaks. The knapsack is their pillow, and their arms stand in the middle of the tent, which is surrounded by a little wall of earth. . . . The food was very good; each man has three pounds of good black bread a-day, baked by the companies themselves, and half a pound of meat. Sauerkraut soup and buck-wheat groats are their favourite luxuries. Dinner is eaten in the open air in companies, planks being used for forms and tables, weather not being taken into consideration. When asked, the men answered loudly, and all together, like a

battalion salvo, that they were doing very well. But they are very quiet—no singing or joking as amongst our men. They like to get behind the camp where their superiors do not come. Then they sit down on the ground in their much-loved cloaks, and talk till the Cossacks come and drive them away.

". . . The Russian must have a master. If he has not one already, he will seek one. "Our land is good, but we have no one over us. Come and govern us," was the message of the Communes to Rurik. So with the soldiers. They would be in the greatest distress without their captain. Who would look after them, lead them, punish them? They may, perhaps, think that he has appropriated their property, or ill-treated them in anger, but they love him more even than the Germans do who are chastised with justice and consideration. If a European soldier saw an officer in a state of drunkenness, there would be an end of discipline; but a Russian soldier puts him to bed, wipes off the dust, and obeys him in the morning, when he has slept himself sober, with the same devotion as before."

The Prince and his retinue left Moscow on the 12th September, and by the help of 2,000 horses the party reached Warsaw on their homeward journey. The Count chronicles the misery of forty-eight hours of incessant rain and wind. Bad weather seems indeed to have marred his pleasure from the beginning to the end of the journey. Even in the *entrée joyeuse* into Moscow on the 29th of August, when, as he says, "it being the dog-days fine weather might have been expected," lords and ladies in court attire had to go in procession amid rain and wind, under dark clouds instead of bright sun; but about mid-day a bit of blue sky was visible, "*large enough*," says the Count, in his own English, "*for a pair of marine trousers*." Our readers will smile at the illustrious soldier's transformation of one of our homely proverbs, but as we take leave of the Count and his pleasant little volume we are tempted to sound a warning against the too adventurous use of foreign sayings, for if a Moltke can thus blunder, what may not be done by those who have neither his caution nor his cultivation?